

Holy smokes!

'10 COMMANDMENTS' cigarettes inside

WVZ

Issue 86

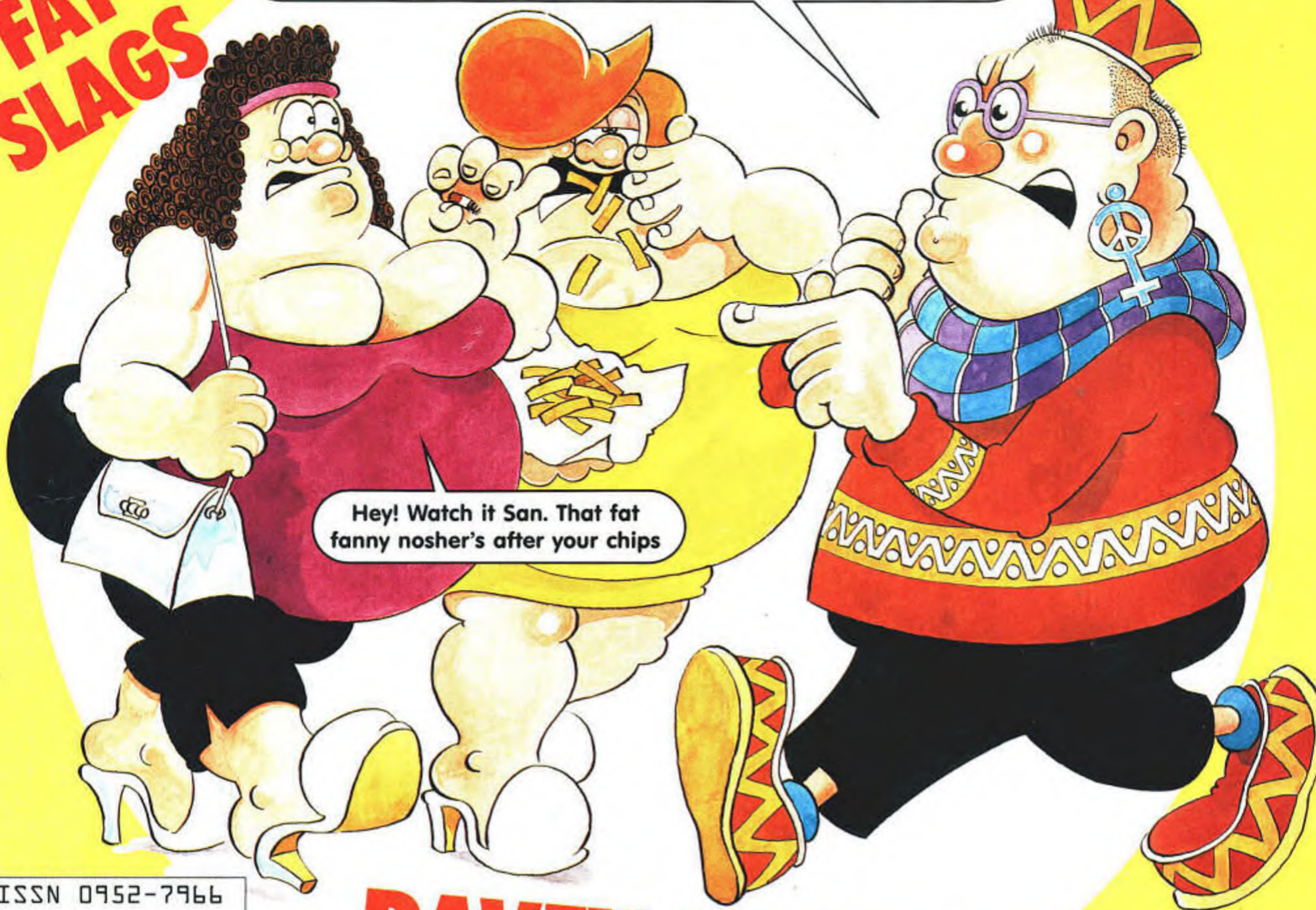
£1.50
Not for sale to children (US \$3.75)

PAUL
WHICKER
THE TALL
VICAR

MILLIE
TANT

FAT
SLAGS

Traitors! How DARE you appear on the cover of this degrading, stoutist magazine allowing infantile, phallocratic men-monsters to put lesbophobic words into your mouths, thinly veiled as irony, in order to get a cheap laugh at the expense of wimminkind?



Hey! Watch it San. That fat fanny nosher's after your chips

RAVEY DAVEY GRAVY
SID THE SEXIST

couchtripper.com

ISSN 0952-7966



Plus FINBARR SAUNDERS & HIS DOUBLE ENTENDRES

Ham Shanklin Mint presents

THE LEGENDARY 'FABERGE' MUSICAL DOG'S EGG



It plays a medley of dog lovers tunes, including "Love Me Love My Dog", "Hound Dog" and "Puppy Love".



The body of the 'Richard' is curled, and its end beautifully 'snipped off', as if freshly laid by a passing dog. The egg is accurately modelled on the droppings of the Bull Mastiff, the favoured hound among Russian royalty in the 18th Century.

For the first time a musical collector 'dog's egg' created in the opulent Faberge tradition, capturing magnificently the magic of a fouled footpath.



The mahogany used in the plinth and lollipop stick is taken from a sustainable source of slash and burn rain forest the size of Wales every day.

Britain, a nation of dog lovers; Russia, renowned for its tradition of finely sculpted Faberge collectors eggs. Ham Shanklin Mint have masterfully blended our national obsession with shit machines and overpriced ornamental tat to create the ultimate *object de merde* - a lasting monument to your love of dogs, your attraction to cheap, shiny things and your breath taking lack of aesthetic taste or financial acumen. The beauty of a freshly laid canine cable masterfully captured in loving detail, crafted in finest Playdough and lavishly artist-accentuated in Halford's touch-up silver. The mess is beclustered with sparkling bluebottles and crowned with a hand crafted polished mahogany lollipop stick, as if whimsically stuck there by a bored street urchin. Pull the stick and the charming melodies play. So life-like you can almost smell its overpowering odour, the *Faberge Musical Dog's Egg* is offered exclusively at the faux affordable price of £185.

YOUR GUARANTEE

If you're not entirely rendered bankrupt by your purchase please let us know within 30 days and we will bombard you with further offers until you quite literally can't get your front door open.



Post to:
Faberge Dog's Egg Offer, c/o Ham Shanklin Mint Ltd.
c/o A1 Car stereo & MOT Centre, Railway Arches, Peckham.

Well, everything I've bought from you in the past has been shit, so I may as well buy this one. But first the humiliation of having to politely ask for permission to buy it.

Please accept my order for the *Faberge Musical Dog's Egg*.

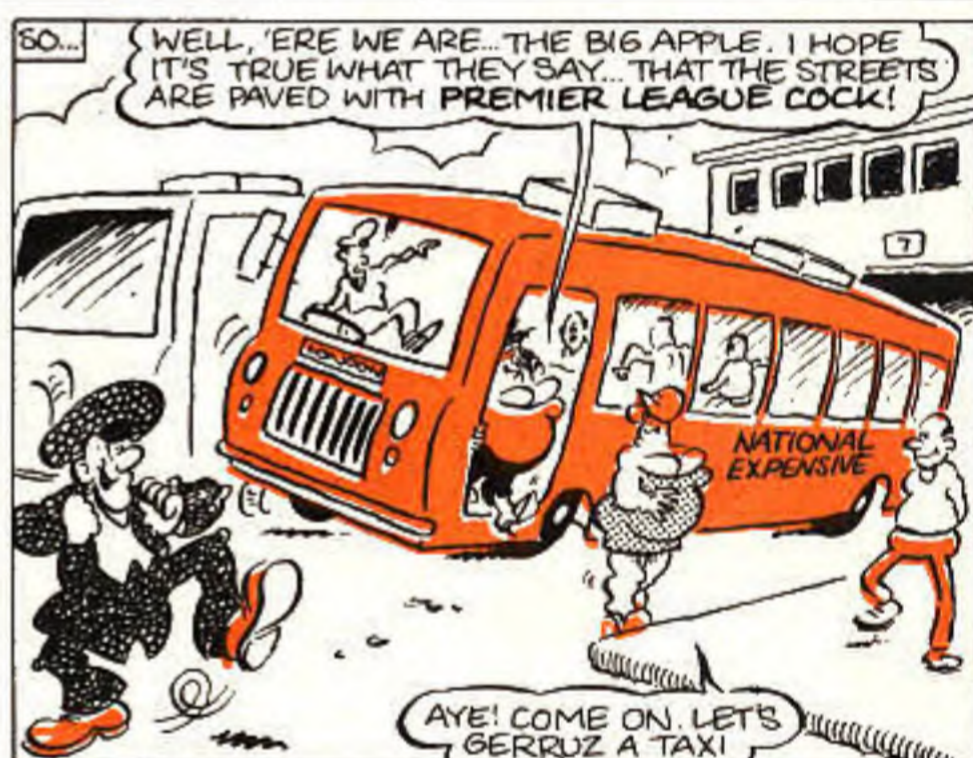
Name of mantle piece owner _____

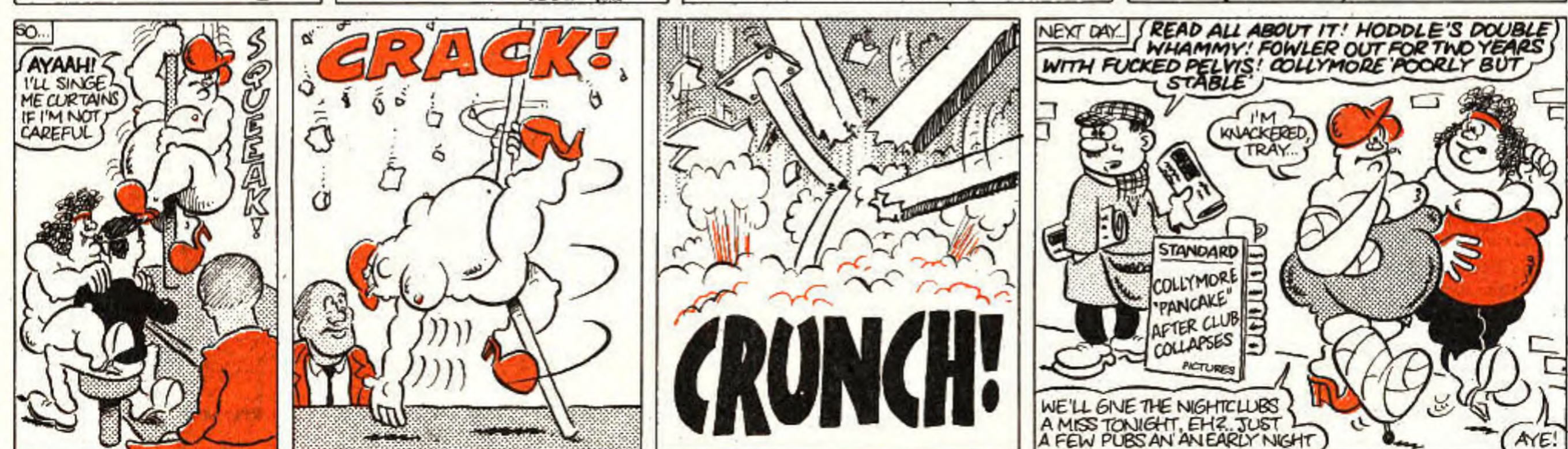
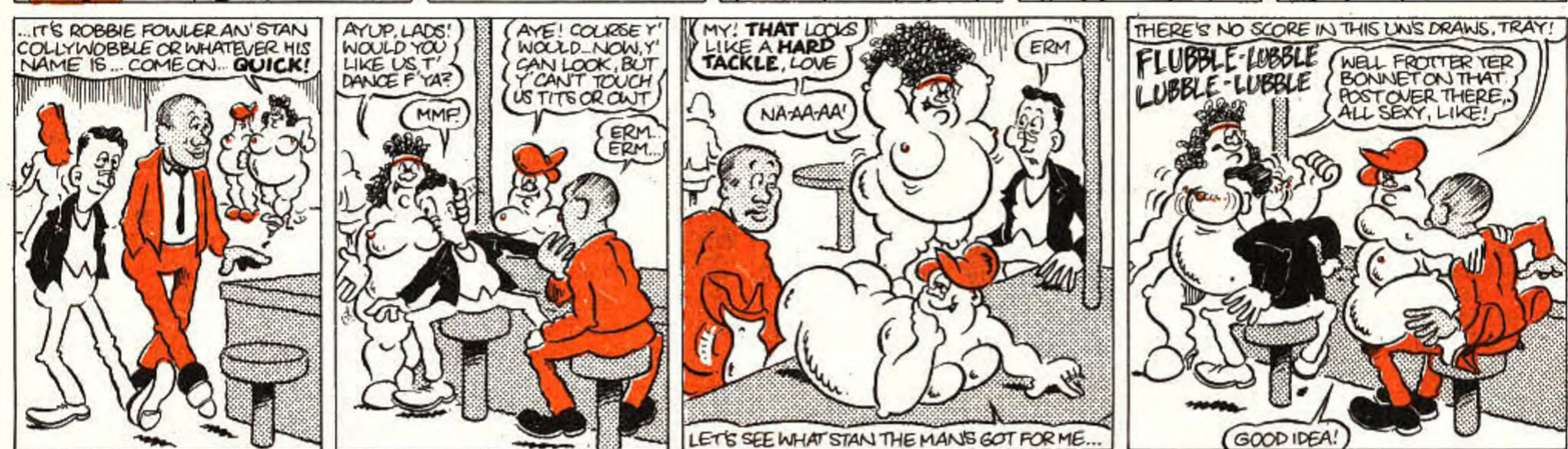
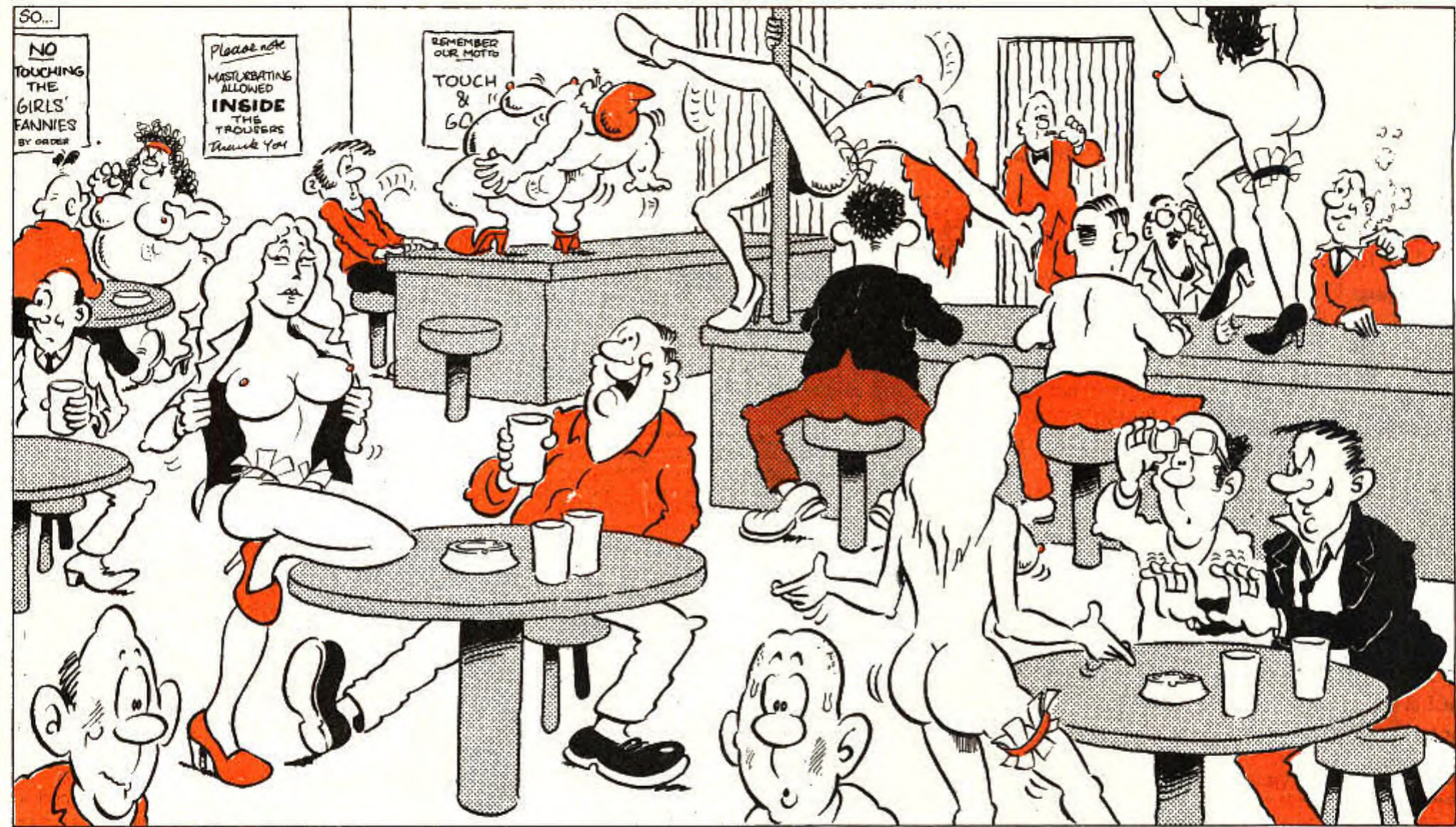
Address of mantle piece _____

Post code _____

Offers subject to acceptance. Price is shown smaller than actual size. Approximately 24 monthly payments of £162.50 will be invoiced in sterling currency on the finest paper and posted to you in hand sealed envelopes, each bearing your own individual name and address. Credit terms available - ask for psychiatric help.

OH, GUARDIAN... IT'S THE FAT SLAGS







Contents

Fat Slags	5
Letterbocks & Top Tips	7
Millie Tant	17
Roger Mellie	19
Donald Sinden in 'There goes my knighthood'	22
Spoilt Bastard	23
Max Power	24
'The Price of Love'	26
Ravey Davey	28
Modern Parents	30
Sid the Sexist	35
Luvvie Darling	36
The Tree Muskateers	41
Finbarr Saunders	42
Paul Whicker	43
Jack Black	45

© Copyright House of Viz/John Brown Publishing Limited. John says that starting in December we can have the comic printed on proper paper, just like the Big Issue. And he's also letting us give away a free swearing book - stuck to the cover of the December issue - and paying for us to go to a football match. Hooray for John.

Published by John Brown Publishing Limited, The New Money Pit, 136-142 Bramley Road, London W10 6SR.
Tel: 0171 565 3000

Distributed by Comag, Tavistock Road, West Drayton, Middlesex, UB7 7QE.
Tel: 01895 444 0555.

Written and produced by House of Viz
PO Box 1PT
Newcastle upon Tyne NE99 1PT

Fax: 0191 281 9048
E Mail: web@johnbrown.co.uk

Editorial contributions should be sent to this address. Please send photocopies only as we cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited artwork or original manuscripts.

Editor Chris Donald
Editorial Cabinet
Simon Thorp Graham Dury
Simon Donald Davey Jones
Contributors
John Fardell Simon Ecob
Jim Biz

Production Editor
Sheila Thompson

Office Administration
Susan Patterson

Editorial Colour Repro by Tyne Graphics, Newcastle

Printed by Wiltshires (Bristol) Limited, Royal Portbury Dock, Bristol.

Front cover and insert printed by Quebecor, Corby, Northants.

Please note the Publisher does not accept responsibility for failure on the part of his increasingly down market advertisers to provide the goods and services offered.

Letterbocks

Double standards

A lot of fuss has been made about the actions of so-called "paparazzi" photographers immediately after the tragic accident which resulted in Princess Diana's death. They have been chided for failing to help, and coldly taking pictures instead.

Yet in 1066 nobody criticised the "tapestrazis" who stood by at the battle of Hastings and calmly weaved their famous Bayeux Tapestry while King Harold fell mortally wounded with an arrow in his eye.

Both were simply doing their jobs.

R. Rat
Paris

No one could fail to be moved by the spontaneous outpouring of national grief and reconciliation at the funeral of Princess Di. For one week all differences of class and background were forgotten as a nation mourned as one.

In order that this admirable spirit continues, may I suggest that on, say, a quarterly basis, a member of the Royal Family sacrifice themselves by dying in a tragic and unnecessary way for the sake of us all.

G. Kenna
Wallasey

Yah. I'll go along with that.

Johann van Florist
Amsterdam

TOP TIP

GARDENERS. Get rid of weeds by transplanting them into hanging baskets. Then go away for the weekend without making any arrangements for them to be watered. Hey presto. Upon your return they will be dead.

B. F.
Liverpool

Hats off to everyone who has contributed to breaking down the Earth's ozone layer. Thanks to their efforts we've enjoyed yet another long, hot summer. The sooner boffins can get rid of the rest of the ozone layer, the better. Then we'll have sunshine all year round.

A.H.
Belfast

Letterbocks.
Viz, PO Box 1PT
Newcastle upon Tyne
NE99 1PT
Fax 0191 281 9048
E mail: web@johnbrown.co.uk

Lineker strokes

In response to your response to Peter Brooks' response to Mr Madai's letter (Viz 85), you offer as a prize a "five-in-a-bed-sex-romp" with top wrist action pop combo the Spice Girls. Bearing in mind the recipient will count as one, and there are five girls in the band, who gets left out? (After seeing them with Gary Lineker in that crisp advert, I'd be hoping the fuck it was me.)

Kieran Matthew
Croydon



Gang bang wallop! Fellas, perm any four from five

TOP TIP

RECORD the sound of your washing machine onto a tape, then confuse neighbours by playing it back on a battery operated cassette player during a power cut.

Howard Urmenyi
Amersham
Leo Sayer country

It's Britain's *bestest* letters page,

It's brave, it's **BOLD**, it's BRIGHT!

And no doubt you can guess the rest

Yes, **LETTERBOCKS** - it's *shite*

Write today! There's a year's free subscription plus a copy of our brand new **FULL TOSS** annual for every letter we print. (And money too, if you're name is John Tait and you live in Thropton).

I was lucky enough to have a letter published in the last issue, the one about Val Doonican. However you edited it right down, changed it and made it shitter than it actually was. As a result all my mates think I'm an unfunny cunt.

Paul Browne
London SE13

You fucking bastards. You did it again.

Paul Browne
London SE13

TOP TIP

COLD tea, demizin and cat's piss make a perfect substitute for Dr Pepper in the unlikely event that your local shop has sold out.

Nugget
Australia

Has anybody bothered to tell PG Tips that their revolutionary new tea bags are not in fact pyramids, but tetrahedrons. Perhaps they chose the name pyramid because the tea tastes like thousand year old mummies' piss.

Mrs I.M.A. Pedant
Cyberspace

I spotted this souvenir shop in Las Vegas, USA. You've got to admire their honesty.

Unfortunately their refreshing approach to advertising didn't pay off, as the shop has closed down.

Heather Deane-Calne
Los Angeles

TOP TIP

RECORD the free 10 minute trailer for the adult channel every night for ten days. Hey presto! A full length, sizzling, red hot, erotic, adult movie. And a dam sight more exciting than any of the shit available from dirty video shops.

I. P. Freely
Waverton, Chester

I'm sick and tired of bearded explorers coming back from their hair raising expeditions and being given TV time to tell us all how very dangerous their trip was. We all knew that before you went. That's why we stayed at home, you stupid fucking toff wankers. Next time do a Captain Oates, and don't come back.

G. McKendrick
Glasgow

Tinky Wanky

Regarding Spoilt Bastard (Viz 85). Allow me to join the thousands of Viz readers who are writing, in a detached, ironical sort of way, naturally, to point out that in Teletubbies it is Dipsy who wears that hat. Tinky Winky, of course, carries the handbag.

David Bird
E mail

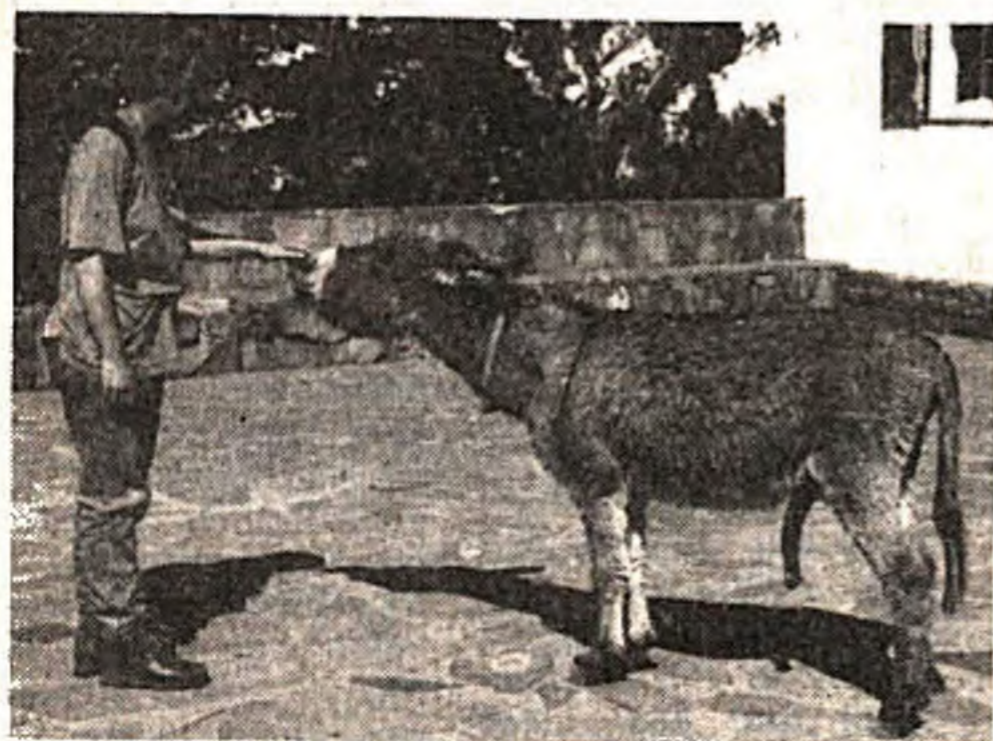
* No David. You were the only one.



King Dong-key

Further to Ed Sylvester's letter about big nostrils (issue 85). I spotted this German back packer performing nasal sex on a consenting donkey with fucking enormous nostrils in Liechtenstein recently. Lisa Stansfield and Frank Bruno eat your hearts out! Incidentally, if you look closely it's got quite a big cock as well.

J. Lofts
Principality of
Liechtenstein



Advertisers claim that chewing gum is good for your teeth because it makes you produce more saliva, the natural protection for your teeth. Then how come Opal Fruits, which are made to make your mouth water, make your teeth rotten?

Tim Williams
Newport

If the Fonz is so cool, why does he hang around with fuckwits like Cunningham, Patsy and Ralph Malph?

Robert Scott
Spalding, Lincs.

TOP TIP

NEXT time you go drink driving ask a friend or relative to follow you on a moped carrying a camera. Then, if you crash, they can take the blame.

Bastien Phelps
Bath

Why do Japanese TV manufacturers deem it necessary to have a display on television sets that show us how loud the volume is? Surely people are capable of listening to the volume and deciding how loud it is for themselves.

Fintan Coyle
E mail

Flash of quim

Further to the exciting Quim pub in Barcelona, pictured in the last issue. I bought the enclosed pack of Quim camera film in Spain recently. The box boasts "36 exposures" so I hurried to the chemist to have it developed. Imagine my disappointment to find not a single snatch shot. Instead of 36 hairy havens, the entire film turned out to be blank.

Brian Seward
Oxford



Never mind tatty Spanish Quims that smell of cigarettes. Here's an immaculate German Minge. No, its not an up-market pubic hairdressing parlour. Its actually a high class fashion boutique in Dresden.

R.D. Gardner
Freistaat Sachsen
Bundesrepublik
Deutschland



You don't see many quims in the News of the World, so I was pleasantly surprised when I caught a glimpse of both a quim and a snatch in their Sunday magazine TV listings for 31 August (enclosed).

Peter Jolly
Norwich

The Beaver Vending Group

Why are there so many cunts in Manchester? This factory unit in Trafford Park may provide the answer.

N.J. Higham
Eccles

In reply to your correspondent J.T. of Newcastle (Viz 85) who suggests Manchester United fans should wear bridesmaid's dresses. Perhaps this attire would better suit Hop-along Shearer and his Tiny Toon pals. They are always the bridesmaids, never the brides. United fans should in fact wear full wedding dresses with veils and great big fucking trains.

Mike Noon
Furball Punk Rock Site:
<http://www.nipperland.demon.co.uk>

Beef internet curtains

Recently I used this 'Internet' thing to get on a mailing list for red headed women, in the hope of seeing some ginger minge. But all I've done is met a bunch of other spotty, fat, pale computer nerds also hoping to get their hands on ginger minge. I've got a good mind to switch the cuntting computer off and just go to the pub.

Derek Knox
E mail
Sydney, Australia



TOP TIP

LIGHT bulb manufacturers. Prolong the life of your light bulbs by putting thicker wire in the middle. The thin wire is always the first bit that breaks, while the glass etc. remain in perfectly good condition.

Benny Fitzagency
Liverpool

I spotted Jimmy Hill having a pint in the pub in Stag Knight about two issues ago. Do I win £1 million?

The 'Sunshine Kid'
Gorton, Manchester

* Yes, but you forgot to give us your full address. So we burnt it all.

TOP TIP

WOMEN. Next time you see an offer to save £8 on a pair of shoes, why not save £28 by simply not buying them.

Mark Chiddicks,
Auckland, NZ

If moths like the light so much why don't they simply come out during the day, instead of flapping about outside windows and crashing into car headlights all night long. Besides which, during the day bats would not eat them.

Carl Hough
E mail

BAH!

DOCTOR, I'M A CROSS DRESSER

THAT'S OKAY. I'M A T.V. MYSELF



Flight across the Atlantic in 1937.
With George C Scott and Anne Bancroft ★★ 56197865
Dr Quim Another snatch of medical life from frontier America 2787696
Headliners (T) 605054
Central News and Weather (T) 503783

Tart gallery

□ I wonder whether any of your readers have noticed the remarkable similarity between top TV sci-fi totty Gillian Anderson, and Pablo Picasso's 1937 portrait of Dora Maar?

Peter Barnes
Oxford University

** I doubt it. They're all too thick.*

TOP TIP

MUMS. Don't pay a £1 deposit to use super-market shopping trolleys. Invest in a sturdy garden wheelbarrow. They're far more manoeuvrable, and you can also use them to carry shopping into the house from your car.

Melvyn Wright
Leicester

□ The other night my husband failed to arrive home from work. Two hours passed, then at about 8 o'clock a policeman knocked at the door. I was dreading the worst, until I remembered. My husband is a policeman, and he had simply stopped off at the pub for a quick drink on his way home. Erm...and forgotten his keys.

Mrs J. Outhouse
Fulchester

Receding airline

□ British Airways has spent a fortune redecorating its aircraft, dumping its Union Jack-inspired livery, and re-inventing itself as the "Globally Friendly" airline, trying to deny the airline's British ownership. But as long as they continue to serve their disgusting pot-boiled, pork-based in-flight meals, subject us to ancient editions of The Two Ronnies as in-flight 'entertainment', us foreigners will continue to identify British Airways as being as Pommy as a Tory sex scandal.

Convener
V.O.B.A. (Victims of British Airways)
Australia

TOP TIP

FELLAS. Get off the hook when your wife or girlfriend catches you looking at another woman by tutting and saying, "I can't believe that outfit she's wearing".

CME Ltd
E mail

□ I met this bird last night with massive jugs. I didn't shag her though, cos she's already going out with this bloke who's dead hard.

Darren Johnson
E mail
N.S.W., Australia

** Why not write and tell us what YOU did last night. Write to 'What I did last night' at our usual address.*

Alex is snooker Ace



□ Has anyone else noticed the similarity between snooker supremo Alex "Hurricane" Higgins and Viz's thirsty family man, 8 Ace? I spotted certain parallels in this Guardian article of 16th August.

□ Do you have any plans to change Student Grant's name now that students no longer enjoy a free three year sojourn at the tax payer's expense?

Oswald Boelke
Preston

** No.*

Inarticulated lorry driver

□ In reply to S. Davis-Group of Wirral (issue 85). You car drivers piss us off by doing 50mph in the middle lane, not altering your speed and direction from the nearside lane when you see a lorry joining the motorway and if you see a lorry coming slow right down and keep touching your brakes. Tricks like that give us a good excuse to knock your stupid 1.5 tonne cars right off the road with our 38 tonne hunk of steel. With any luck the police won't find you in the ditch for a few days.

A. Lorry-Driver
Widnes

** Spoken like a true Knight of the Road.*

TOP TIP

LADS. Why not make summer festivals that little bit more exciting for the 150 people standing behind you by putting your fucking girlfriend on your shoulders.

J. Tull
Seedy Rhyll

The incident apparently followed a row between the couple after Mr Higgins turned up at the two-bedroom house, where he lives in a caravan in the garden. He left after the police were called but more than an hour later was back, and, according to neighbours, engaged in a furious row. "We heard a lot of shouting and then a woman yelling at him to get out," said one. "She pushed him through the door. We could see blood all over the place." The police discovered him later behind a hedge in a nearby garden.

I wonder if, by any chance, they are related?

Charles Dean
London W14

□ In reply to Mr Pedant (this issue, page 7). The geometrical definition of pyramid is a solid contained by a square, triangular or polygon base; and a corresponding number of triangular sides which meet at the top, or vertex. Pyramids can therefore have any number of sides. However the vertex of a pyramid is required to finish in a point, as opposed to a shitty, half arsed seam. So technically speaking PG Tips new tea bags are *not* pyramids.

Prof. B. Encyclopedia
Vol 8.
The bookshelf

"Magic bumhole if you're able, fart some numbers 'neath the table. Let those numbers represent, back issues that can be sent. (To the readers)"

"Lovely lady legs apart, just for you a magic fart... brapp!"

In my chuff cloud now behold, the numbers what are not yet sold "



Phooaar-poooo!!! That's what I call rumpy pumpy! The lady with the magic arse has let off beneath the table - but her odorous emission is good news for fans of Viz! For her cabbage cloud contains the numbers of back issues of Viz which are still available by post. If you can put up with the pong, circle the issue numbers that you require, then fill in your details below and send the entire form to us, together with a cheque or postal order. Back issues cost £1.50 each plus postage. (Add 50p postage for 1 comic, £1 for 5 or less, and £1.50 for 6 or more). Overseas customers please add 20% of whatever total you've arrived at so far, and pay in sterling with a cheque drawn on a UK bank. (Assuming you've got one. If you haven't, don't worry. The back issues aren't very funny anyway).

Tick one of the following two boxes. If you tick the second box and are paying by credit card, please fill in the third big oblong box with your credit card number, then fill in your expiry date and card type. (If you do not know your expiry date, ask your doctor).

If you have ticked the first box and are paying by cheque or postal order, you may wish to draw windows on the third box to make it look like a train.

☐ I enclose a cheque/postal order payable to John Brown Publishing Limited.

☐ What the fuck. Shove it on my credit card and I'll worry about it later.

--	--	--	--

Expiry date _____ Card type _____

Your name and address _____

Post code _____

Send this completed form to Viz Orders, Customer Interface, Bradley Pavilions, Bradley Stoke North, Bristol, BS32 0PP. Telephone credit card orders can be made on (01454) 202515. (Make a note of this address/phone number before you post the form). If you don't want to use this form, please use a copy of write your order neatly on a sheet of A4 paper (the size of this page). Remember to include the issue numbers you want, your name and address and a cheque or postal order for the correct amount (or your credit card number, type and expiry date). Please allow 20 working days for delivery (or 28 if you're an NHS doctor or nurse).

Enterprise culture

For those readers interested in Boots products that have the same name as characters from Star Trek: Deep Space Nine. You may wish to note that we now sell 'Kira' health tablets, and 'Dax' hair dress.

Rob Jones
BOOTS
Hilton Park Services
Near Wolverhampton

TOP TIP

WHEN buying a new computer system, always keep the dust covers from your old one. You can then use them to stop dust from accumulating on the dust covers on your new system.

Mark Gilman
USA

I'M Just sending you my copy of issue 85 back, the reason why is clear, - it's complete shit and totally unfunny. The price of £1.50 is not justified perhaps it should be - 15 pence. This magazine is old and tired and lacks new ideas;

Yours
Alan Smith
Luton

P.S. Perhaps you should remove the Not For Sale to children - there the only one's who will find something funny inside,

* Thanks Alan. Perhaps the magazine has become a little staid and predictable over the years. We've taken what you say on board, and have decided to re-invent Viz. The first change, which will be apparent from the next issue onwards, is that it will go up 10p to £1.60.

I am a Morris dancer who lives in New Zealand. I am very interested in thunderstorms as well. I used to drive trains but don't now. I am also very interested in music. Richard Thompson is one of my musical heroes. He plays the guitar better than any cunt. Roger Mellie is another of my heroes. I am 44 years of age, and being a Morris dancer, I do masturbate on the odd occasion.

John Gaul
New Zealand
Thunderstorm Society
nzts.nz@xtra.co.nz

Judging by Brian Street's address in London E1 (Letterbocks, issue 85) The Bricklayers Arms isn't his local either. So he himself must be one of the 'arty farty cunts' who he's slagging off. Why doesn't Mr Street piss off down to The Spiral Staircase where he belongs so that us GENUINE locals can enjoy a decent pint without having to deal with combat trousered, silly trained, stupid haircutted spotty herbets like him? I agree with Loz and Jenna (issue 84) - piss off the clowns! And not just the ones from the Circus School.

The Badger
Luke Street
EC2

Been around the world and I-I-I... can't find my luggage

It's a pity British Airways don't include baggage on their mileage based 'Frequent Flyer' programme. I checked my bags in recently for a short BA flight. By the time BA's bungling baggage handlers had finished with it, it would have earned enough points to win a place on the next Space Shuttle flight.

Convener
V.O.B.A. (Victims of British Airways)
Australia

TOP TIP

MANCHESTER City Council. At lunchtime go and have a game of football in Piccadilly Square, using your jumpers for goalposts. It's the only sporting event you're ever going to attract to Manchester.

Macka
Battersea SW11

Further to B. Noris's letter (issue 85). If supermarkets continue to set aside the best spaces for 'Parent and Child' parking, surely this will only encourage young, impressionable teenagers to get pregnant on purpose so as to take advantage of these spaces. Its no wonder our younger generation are in

moral disarray, when supermarkets use 'alco-pops' to entice youngsters into stores, and provide premium parking spaces for teenage mothers.

G. Sweeney
Wolverhampton

TOP TIP

SMOKERS. Empty fag packets, e.g. 10 Marlborough or 10 Rothmans, with buttons glued on the sides, make perfect toy Grand Prix motor racing cars for your kids.

G. Wright
Higgs Tobacconist
Lincoln

Blood on our hands

* We have been touched by the many irrational letters of abuse we have received in the wake of the tragic death of Diana, Princess of Wales. Unfortunately space does not allow us to print them all, but here is just a small selection.

I enclose the cover of Viz issue 85, on sale in my local newsagents in August, which reads 'Your chance to romp with a naked Princess Di!' Why don't you vanish of the planet with your unrequired, filth-filled paper?

Anon.

In Letterbocks (issue 58) Neil Wood of Blackburn called for Princess Diana to be beheaded. Well Neil, I hope you're proud of yourself. I imagine you're feeling a bit of twat at the moment.

Anon.
London



Blood on YOUR hands.

Anon.

* We would have liked to reply to all of your Di letters individually, but unfortunately this is simply not possible due to the fact they were all sent in anonymously.

Viz By Post

Hello. I'm afraid it's still Sally's big sister here. My sexy young sister has climbed out of her bedroom window and I can't find her, so this old picture of me slowly getting my floppy tits out will have to suffice for another 2 months. Never mind. One year's supply of Viz (6 issues) costs £9 (£12.50 overseas). Subscribe for 2 years and you save fuck all, cos 12 issues still cost £18 (£24.80 overseas), and meanwhile your money is sitting in John Brown's bank account for 2 years.



Love + kisses
Sally's Big Sis.
x x x

FREE BOOK

Actually, you get a free book (which we're having trouble selling for £4.99) if you subscribe for 2 years. It's Sid The Sexist's JOYS OF SEXISM. Actually it's very good. John just printed too many. Use the form to order a subscription for yourself, or as a gift for someone else using both bits. If you want to receive more than one copy of each issue (at the same address), extra ones are £6 a year (£7 overseas). Right.

Dear Sally's big sister, who is dirty,
Please send me a subscription starting issue to be sent to:

Name.....

Address.....

Post Code

If you are ordering a subscription for someone else fill in their name and address above, and your own details below. If it's just for you, fill in the bit above, then skip the next bit and go straight on to the bit about money.

My name

Address.....

Post Code

The bit about money. Tick one box only:

☐ I enclose a cheque/PO for £ crossed and made payable to John Brown Publishing Limited.

☐ Please debit my Visa/Mastercard/Eurocard American Express/Diners Club/Connect card

Card No.

Expiry date / /

Send this form together with any cheques or postal orders to:

Viz Subs
FREEPOST
(SW6096)
Bristol BS32 0BR

or ring our sizzling subs chatline on:
(01454) 202 515

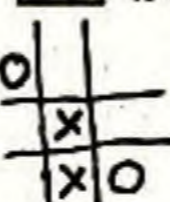
In Australia the address is: Viz, Gordon & Gotch Ltd, Subs Division, Private Bag 290, Burwood, Victoria 3125.

Cheques payable to Gordon & Gotch Limited.

In America the address is: Viz subscriptions, 3330 Pacific Avenue, Suite 404, Virginia Beach, VA 23451-2983, USA.

Toll free telephone number (US & Canada) 1 888 428 6676

☐ Tick here if you don't want us to sell your name and address to any Tom, Dick or Harry who wants it.



Cross here to win this game of noughts and crosses



I'm HOT for your credit card number

STARWATCH

Starwatch is Britain's most comprehensive celebrity snooping page. We're putting the rich and famous under the microscope, and we want YOU to do all the work for us. We want to know where the stars are, and what they're up to. Details to Starwatch, Viz, P.O.Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT. Or E mail us at: web@johnbrown.co.uk

Wrinkle wrinkle little Stardust

□ I recently caught a cab home from Cobham in Surrey and the cabbie said "I had that Alvin Stardust in the back the other day". Then yesterday I spotted the great man himself talking on a mobile phone in the doorway of Savoy Tailor's Guild in Guildford High Street. He was really short, despite wearing Cuban heels, his hair was thinning and he looked old. I reckon his famous quiff must have been a syrup.

Patrick Rampton
East Clandon, Surrey

□ Alvin Stardust sat behind me on a flight from Heathrow to Inverness on the May Day bank holiday weekend this year. He was an unassuming, charming man, and he spent most of the flight playing with my baby son. Unfortunately in Inverness the munchkin musician discovered his baggage had been damaged. Perhaps understandably his language at that point was most unbecoming of a rock-star turned Godbotherer.

If I spot him at the Carlisle United match tomorrow, I'll let you know.

Gerry Smith
Basildon



Stardust gazing

□ Me and my missus recently saw Alvin Stardust putting air in his tyres at a garage in Leicester. We spoke to him, but he was giving very little away. "Are you who I think you are?" my wife asked. "That depends who you think I am", he replied cautiously. He wasn't wearing a crap leather glove, but it was definitely him.

Stu
E mail

□ I saw Alvin Stardust in my prison cell. He was swinging on a Tarzan rope sticking his tongue out and giving me the middle finger. Fuck me. As if things aren't bad enough, I had that prick - the singer out of Right Said Fred - last week doing the same thing, but swinging the other way. Do I win a prize or anything? Please write back. Even just a letter saying fuck off or something.

Clint Kirwan
Prisoner No. H541
HM YOC
Hydebank Wood
Belfast BT8 8NA

□ Never mind Surrey. Look no further than the New Tyne Theatre, on Westgate Road, Newcastle, in your quest for the Holy Alvin Stardust. He will be appearing live

□ A few years ago when I lived in Crawley local legend had it that Alvin Stardust lived at nearby Charlwood, which is situated at the end of Gatwick airport's runway, on the Surrey/Sussex border. This is only 3 miles from Crawley, where he was spotted carrying apples by one of your readers. The various other sightings at Dunsford, Guildford, Godalming, Skegness, Inverness, Leicester and Hull can perhaps be explained by the fact that old people do occasionally wander off.

Alan Stone
Brighton

□ I can report that Mr Stardust celebrated last New Year's Eve in Hull, in my restaurant to be precise. Not only is he a top bloke, I can also vouch for his valour. He took on Wolf (out of Gladiators) in a snowball fight outside after their meal. All of our waitresses went home that night dreaming of being his "coo-ca-choo".

Mike Hepke
Pierre Victoire restaurant
Lowgate, Hull

there this Christmas every evening from Tuesday 9th December until Saturday 10th January. Alvin is heading the bill in a sixties rock'n'roll nostalgia pantomime come rock musical entitled 'Rock Hard'. A terrific evening's entertainment guaranteed. Readers may also wish to note that during the daytime there will be magical performances of Roald Dahl's 'The BFG' suitable for all the family. Further details from the Tyne Theatre box office on (0191) 232 0899.

Regan
Newcastle

□ I went to school in Witley, 15 miles west of Guildford, Surrey, with Alvin Stardust's son. He was called Adam Fenton, as opposed to Adam Stardust. I believe Adam is now trying to emulate his father's pop achievements as ultra-credible drum'n'bass trumpeteer Adam F.

Nick Wallis
E mail

Layton disorient



□ Regarding your 'Titch Hunt' (issue 84). I have never been so insulted. Me, go to Brentford? Bollocks. I'm a Barnet supporter and proud of it.

Tell that south of the river tosser who says he saw me there that if he comes to Underhill I still wouldn't pass him the mustard, 'cos it's a well known fact that I'm not just a short-arse, I'm a tight arse as well.

George (Short Arse) Layton
London



□ Last year I stopped my car to allow stumpy bug-eyed Geordie actor Tim Healey - the unlikely real-life hubby of Coronation Street man-eater Natalie Horrocks (alias real-life heiress to a Whitley Bay bubblegum dynasty, Denise Welch) - to cross the zebra crossing outside the Co-op in Hexham, Northumberland. Later that same year my husband spotted him sitting in a black Saab near the carwash behind the Peugeot garage.

Jenny Lunn
Hexham

Jesus Christ

□ The other day in Wakefield I spotted Jesus coming out of the Private Shop carrying a brown paper parcel. Later I saw him lying in the bus station in a pile of puke, drinking Special Brew.

Slinky
Leeds

HOW BIG IS IT?

with
**Great Train Robber
RONNIE BIGGS**
at his drawing board
in Brazil

Hello there. A Mrs Smith from Dunstable in Kent has written to me today with a very interesting question. "Dear Ronnie", she says. "How big are pygmies?"



Well Mrs Smith. You'll have to forgive my drawing - I hurt my hand murdering that train driver 30 years ago. But this little chap here is supposed to be a Pygmy... there we are... with his little bow...



But you don't really see how big he is until I draw a normal person next to him... There! As you can see, compared to a normal person, a pygmy is *very small indeed*.



□ I saw Coronation Street's Gary Mallett coming out of Specsavers in Oldham recently, with a rather large wife and young son.

A. Carr
Oldham

□ I saw Rory McGrath in The Geldart pub in Cambridge on March 15th of this year, when he chatted up my sister. The thing that struck me about him was that his head is twice the size of his body. When my sister asked for his autograph the melon headed cunt pissed off.

M. Kiltson
Cambridge

□ Reports of Rory McGrath behaving badly in Cambridge are untrue. It is a simple case of mistaken identity. It just so happens there's a drunken arsehole who lives in Cambridge (and who is banned from about half a dozen pubs in the town for his drunken, obnoxious and abusive behaviour) who happens to be Rory's double. His name is Patrick, and he lives at ** F***** Street. Rory is of course a perfectly sober, respectable gentleman with a normal sized head.

Anon.
Cambridge

Nice to see him...



□ I spotted Bruce Forsyth in the BA Executive Lounge at Gatwick Airport recently. He was with his son who was wearing a Newcastle United top. (Where was he when you were shit?) Anyway, these must be hard times for Brucey, as he hadn't paid the extra £9.99 to have a number printed on the back shield on the back of the shirt. And why wasn't he travelling First Class?

K. Millington
Wadhurst

Platform souls



□ Never mind Stringfellows, Chesterfield railway station is the place to spot the stars. In recent months I've seen Rolf Harris, Emlyn Hughes and Tosh Lines out of The Bill, all for the price of a platform ticket. Chesterfield itself may be an elephant's arse, but it's a magnet for celebrities.

Richard Siddall
Chesterfield Station

Having a ball



□ Zoe Ball spotted in the Spread Eagle in Camden Town last night (11th September). She was with about five blokes, and looked pissed. Where did her Johnny go wrong?

Ian Ryder
London

P.S. One of the blokes I was with went to school with Posh Spice, and said she was a bit rough, and had hairy armpits.

□ You inquired about Carol Decker out of T'Pau's shopping habits. The flame haired temptress is going out with our executive head chef, Richard 'Jammy Bastard' Coates. So I'd imagine she doesn't have to shop for food at all. Nor he for jazz mags.

James Banks
Belgo Centraal
London WC2

□ Carol Decker has been shopping in Tesco at Brent Cross recently, buying bacon Frazzles and a slice of Gala pie, which was for me. I am her manager. Carol, along with the rest of T'Pau, will be "buying groceries" in the following towns in November and December.

November

Weymouth (4th)
Ashburton (6th)
Kings Lynn (11th)
Glasgow (13th)
Ipswich (15th)
Wavendon (16th)
Poole (18th)
Clacton (19th)
Leeds (20th)
Hemel Hempstead (23rd)

December

Cleethorpes (4th)
Nottingham (5th)
Sheffield (6th)
Northampton (7th)
Cardiff (9th)
Middlesbrough (12th)
Blackburn (13th)
Wolverhampton (14th)
Chester (17th)
Derby (18th)
Reading (20th) and other towns to be announced. These shopping trips happen to correspond with dates on T'Pau's forthcoming tour, which unfortunately our promoter cannot afford to advertise in Viz. Further information from Carol herself, c/o P.O. Box 14434, London NW5 1WR, or from the T'Pau web site at: www.tpau.co.uk

Will Ashurst
T'Pau Management
London NW3

□ Last season during half-time at the Oldham Athletic v. Tranmere Rovers Coca Cola cup tie I queued for a piss behind TV commentator Elton Welsby in the 'Ford Stand' urinals. Our waters undoubtedly merged (along with those of several hundred others) due to a blocked waste pipe. As a result I now feel a certain affinity with the bloke. I wonder if any of your other readers have a celebrity "piss brother" as a result of rubbing tools with the rich and famous?

Aidan Mather
Manchester M40

* Have you slashed alongside a celeb, or shat next to a showbiz star? Any anecdotes about celebrities using lavatories - no matter how tenuous - will be gratefully received. Send your reports to 'Stars in their Bogs' at our usual address.

There's always more shoes news in your No.1 Viz

FLIP FLOPS IN A FLAP

Mother Teresa telly ads axed

FLIP FLOP yesterday withdrew a series of TV ads featuring the late Mother Teresa of Calcutta.

The £100 million rubber sandal campaign was due to be launched in Britain later this month but has been axed following Mother Teresa's death.



has never been healthier. For the 'living saint' is rumoured to have pocketed a massive seven figure sum for her brief appearance in the 30 second ads.

Neil

Her untimely death is a serious blow to Flip Flop PLC who face tough new tough competition in the beach footwear sector from the American Jelly Shoes Corporation.

Carly

A 1978 survey showed that 6 out of 10 people on the beach were wearing Flip Flops. In a 1996 survey there was only 3 people on the beach, and none of them were wearing Flip Flops.

Hilarious

In the hilarious ads Mother Teresa is seen caring for the sick and dying, wearing Flip Flops. The zany ads were aimed at boosting flagging sales of the lightweight beach sandals. David Kissy-Arsehole of advertising agents Leo Bullshit explained why they had chosen Mother Teresa to front their Flip Flop campaign.

Simple

"Mother Teresa was a simple, but good person, in much the same way that Flip Flops are simple, but good things to wear on your feet", he told us. "She also comforted the sick and dying, not unlike Flip Flops which are comfortable for your feet."

Paul

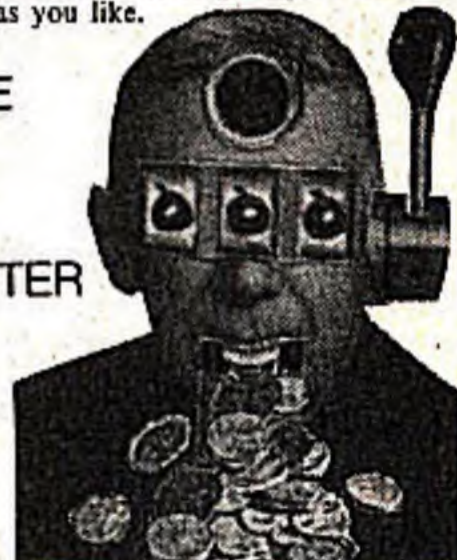
Mother Teresa may have died, but her bank balance

Earn a profitable second income - as a one armed bandit!

WE turn your face into a gaming machine, YOU turn it into cash. Earn up to £150 per night in your spare time in pubs, clubs or chip shops. Work as little or as often as you like.



BEFORE



AFTER

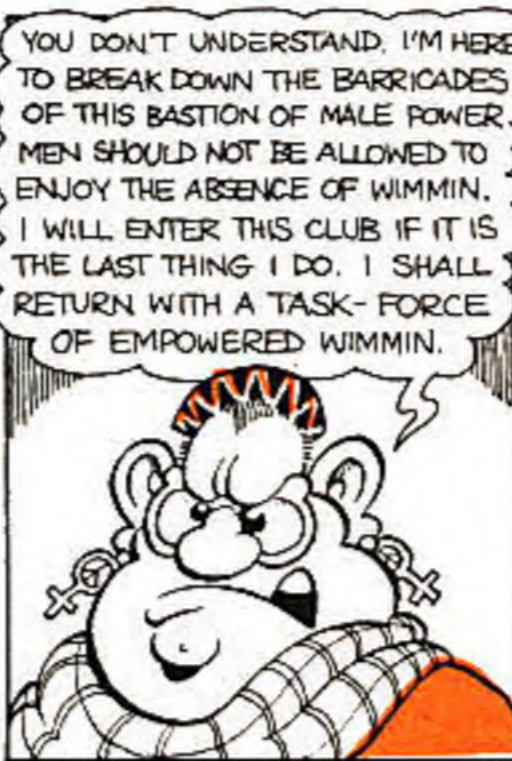
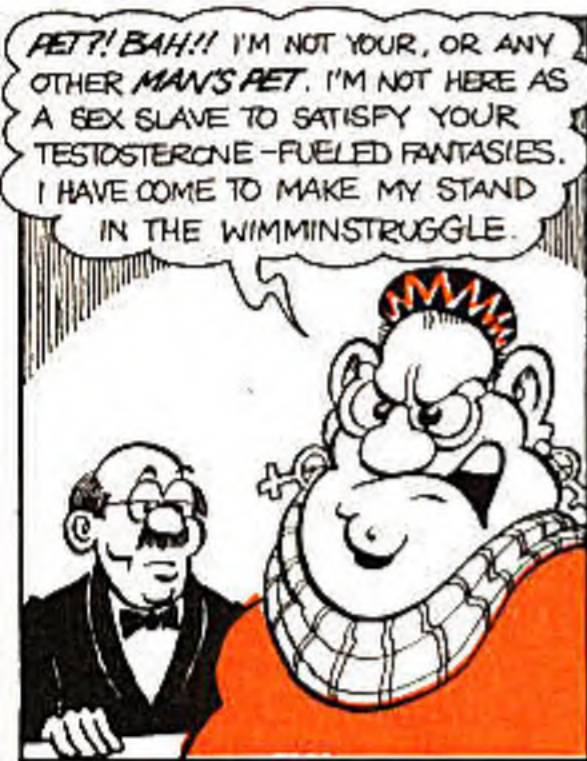
One off payment pays for the simple life-threatening operation. The rest is your profit. Earn up to £750 in a night as people become addicted to you. Watch them throw good money after bad. Think it's too good to be true? Think again.

On my first night as a one armed bandit I took £850 and paid out just £12 in tokens - a clear profit of £838!!

Mr. B.
Essex

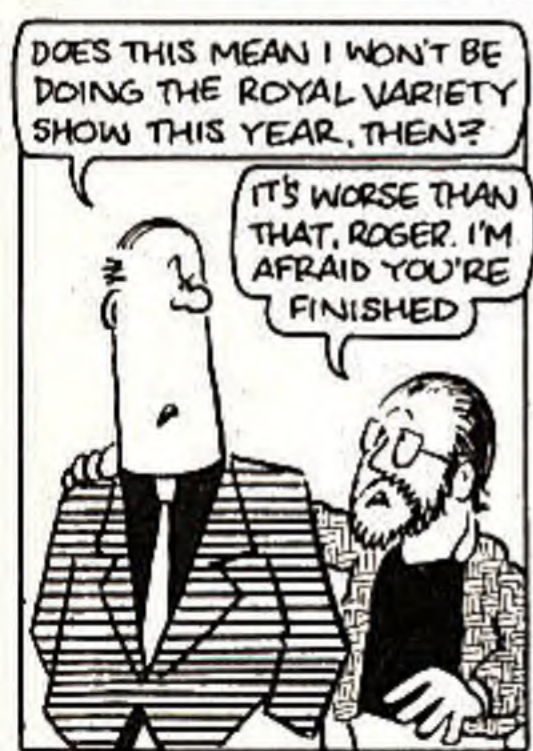
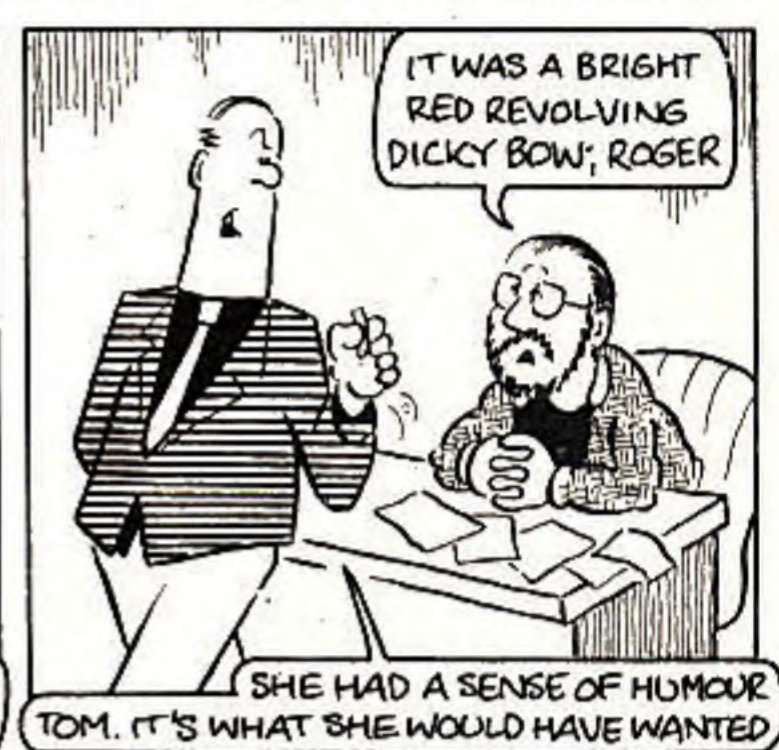
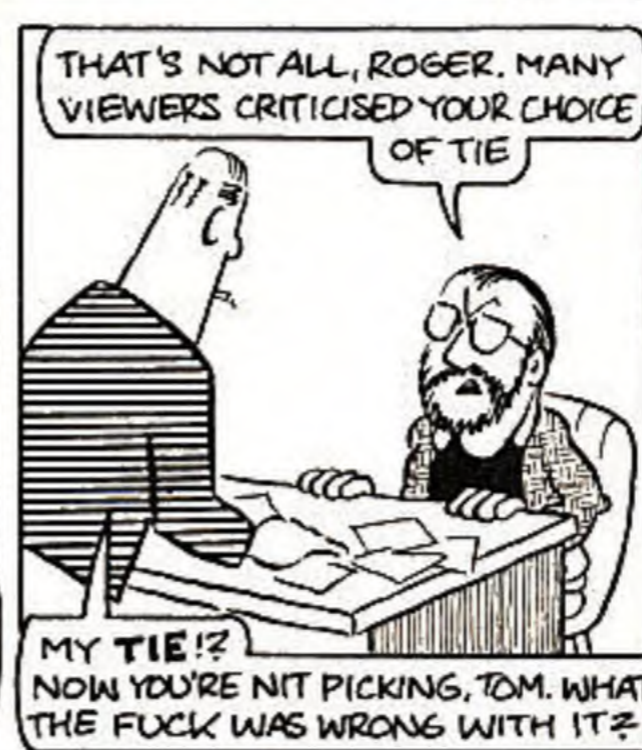
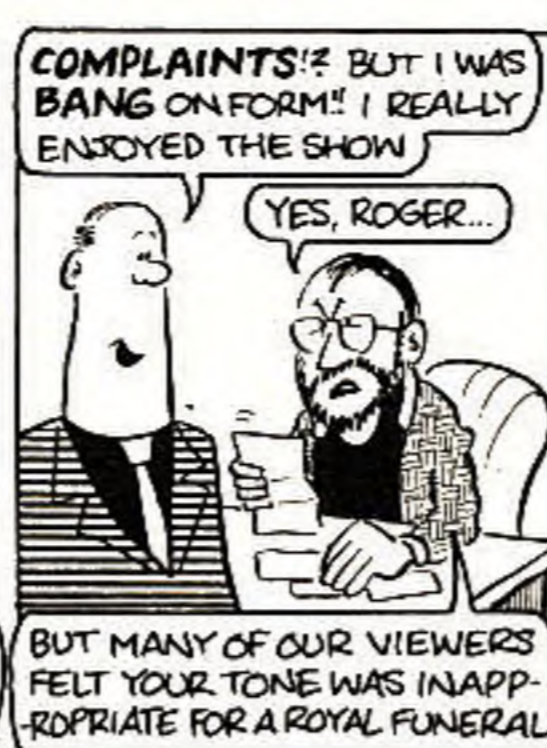
BellFace Ltd. Box 2. Manchester.

Yes! I'm interested in becoming a gaming machine. Please send details. Name.....Address.....Post Code.....



ROGER MELLIE

The man on the telly



TRIBUTES POUR IN TO MAN THEY CALLED 'THE

WE'RE BANANAS

FANS have been flocking to the former fictitious TV home of sixties pop group The Monkees to pay tribute to their drummer Mickey Dolenz.

Your Mickey messages

*Oh Mickey you're so fine,
You're so fine you blow
my mind
HEY MICKEY!
HEY MICKEY!*

Toni Basil
America

*You took the last train
to Clarksville,
When you were just
quite young.
Your shaving razor was
cold,
and it stung.
And then I saw your
face,
On my TV receiver.
I think you're great,
wish you were my mate.
Yours forever,*

Nick Eaton, aged 34
London

*We would miss your
smiling face
if you were dead,
But you are not so we will
smile with you instead.
Quite a lot.*

Lara Ivanovich
Russia

Make your own special book of Mickydolences

Rather than queue for days outside Thames TV, you can pay your respects in your very own Book of Mickeydolence. Simply ask your newsagent for 100 extra copies of this magazine, cut out the forms along the dotted line, and staple the pages together between the crosses. You may then wish to bind your book in a handsome leather jacket.

And in Britain a book of Mickeydolence has been opened at the TV studios in Middlesex where, from 1980 to 1983, Mickey Dolenz produced the children's TV series 'Metal Mickey'.

Support

In an unprecedented display of 'people power' tens of thousands of people - many of whom never particularly liked The Monkees - have united in their support for the group's drummer.

Spirit

Thousands of fans, young and old, have queued for hours to lay bananas at the gates of the Hollywood TV studios where The Monkees was filmed. By midday yesterday the gates were engulfed in a carpet of bananas stretching as far as the eye could see. One man had been there since ten o'clock.

Ghost

Shops closed for the day and U.S. President Bill Clinton called for a minute's silence in tribute to the man who became known as the 'People's Monkey'. British Prime Minister Tony Blair has



suggested that London be renamed Mickeydolenz-town. Meanwhile an entire issue of Hello! magazine was withdrawn from newsagents shelves because it didn't have anything in it about The Monkees.

Ghoul

One of the first people to pay tribute to Dolenz was himself. Moved by the overwhelming public response to him, he hastily set about re-writing The Monkees famous theme tune 'Hey Hey We're The Monkees'. His new version, which was written entirely by songwriter Bernie Tarpaulin, is

YOU N



Adrift on a sea of bananas - The Monkees former fictitious California TV home stands silent yesterday, fruit tributes having piled up on the lawn outside... a bit like snow.

expected to top the charts for over a thousand years.

Spectre

But amidst all the emotion there has been anger at the reaction of the other Monkees to Mickey Dolenz. There had been no sign of Mike Nesmith, Peter Tork or Davey Jones at the beach house which the group had pretended to share, and there was a

growing feeling of disaffection towards the group amongst the gathered crowds.

Thrush

Many observers feel that The Monkees are out of touch with public opinion about Mickey Dolenz and a radical re-think may be necessary within the band. Eventually Mike Nesmith appeared briefly outside his house and in a brief statement said "I still like Mickey Dolenz".

Our sincere Mickeydolences



STAPLE HERE



Thieving ape steals banana

There were angry scenes at New York zoo when a real-life monkey ate a banana which had been placed near his cage as a tribute to Mickey Dolenz. Crowds jeered and the monkey was punched by a drunken idiot as zoo keepers took it away to be destroyed.

PEOPLE'S MONKEE' ABOUT MICKEY

Hey hey! It's a fitting tribute

HERE'S the new words to the Monkees theme tune written as a tribute to Mickey Dolenz by songwriter Bernie Taupain. He actually wrote the words while he was on the lavatory and read them down the phone to Mickey Dolenz who was in his kitchen at the time.

Original version	Monkees Theme 1997
Hey hey we're the Monkees	Hey hey I'm a Monkee
And people say we monkey around	And I was the funny one in the TV show
But we're too busy singin'	I also sang half the songs
To put anybody down	As well as playing the drums

YES, WE WANT NO BANANAS

We want no more bananas says Robin Cook



APPEAL: Robin Cook

THE twin brother of Mickey Dolenz, British Foreign Secretary Robin Cook, yesterday issued a plea to fans of the former Monkee. "Please stop bringing bananas to the gates of The Monkees' fictitious California TV beach house", he said.

NSU

The light bulb headed meter-feeding shag happy Labour MP said that he and his family were grateful for the public support they had received in recent days, but they were concerned that if bananas continued to pile up outside his house somebody might slip on one and hurt themselves.

Over seven hundred billion tons of bananas have been bought by Mickey Dolenz fans throughout the world in the last fortnight, during which time the banana growing Caribbean island of Antigua has become the second richest nation in the world.

MY DOG YEAR HELL



'Waxwork' Mayo (above) and Hartnell (below) who's his Dr Who double.

"I look like a fucking waxwork"

says **SIMON MAYO**

RAPIER witted DJ Simon Mayo has spoken for the first time about the mystery condition which he claims has left him looking like a fucking waxwork.

For months there has been concern among radio listeners over Mayo's rapidly deteriorating appearance. Once the smug, fresh faced new boy of Radio One, his face has undergone a drastic transition in recent years.

Caked

Viewers of his 'Confessions' programme hardly recognised the comical figure that appeared on TV recently with long, swept back hair and a wrinkled face caked in barrow-loads of make-up. "He looked more like Hannibal Lectern than a trendy young television host", said one viewer.

Pied

Mayo's boss Matthew Bannister was so concerned he sent him to see a Harley Street face doctor who diagnosed Mayo as suffering from Who Hartnell Syndrome, a fairly common condition affecting 12 in every 1000 adult males. Relatively harmless, sufferers turn into William Hartnell, the pioneer Dr Who actor, over a period of several years.

Bag

But Mayo was not convinced. Colleagues were baffled by Mayo's strange, musty smell - like that of a moulting dog. They suggested he visit a vet, and it

was only then that Mayo discovered the truth. For the last decade he had been living in dog years.

Radio 1 jock's shock confession

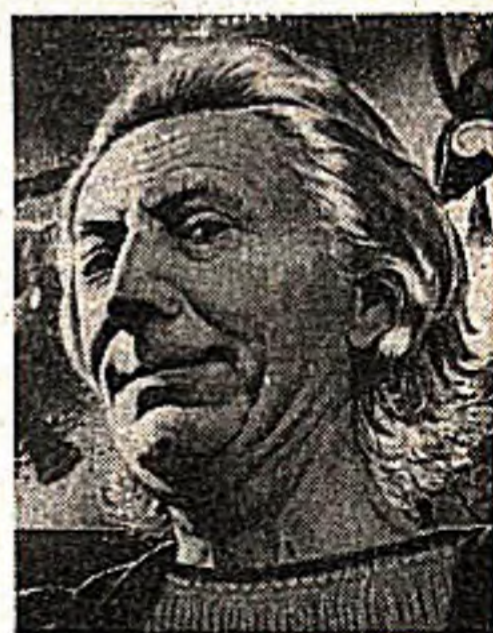
"There are seven dog years in every human year", Mayo explained. "As a result every year I age seven dog years". As a result since 1990 Mayo's age has risen from 30 to 79.

Lone

"Despite his unusual condition there is no reason why Mr Mayo should not live to a ripe old age of 80 or 90", says Professor Eugene Pantaloon, senior lecturer about dogs at the world renowned Vladivostock College of Further Education. "The only problem is that they will be 80 or 90 dog years", he confessed.

Forest

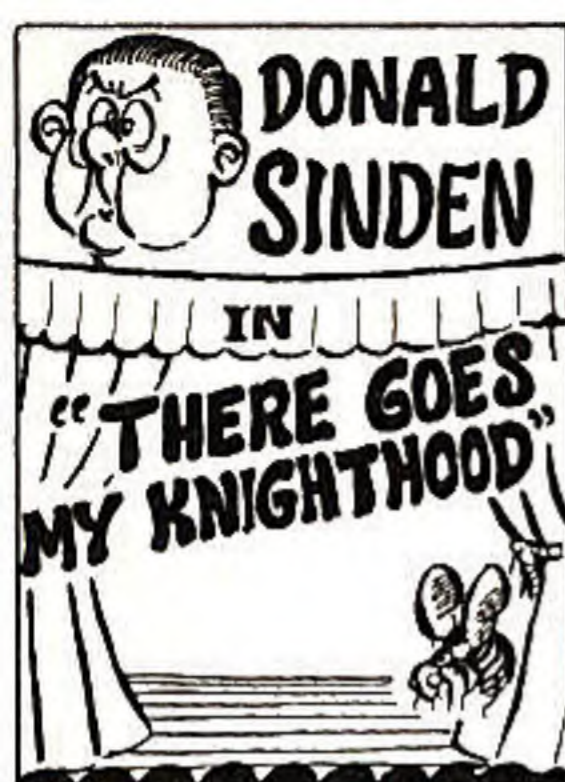
Meanwhile Mayo is putting on a brave wrinkly face. "I haven't felt the



Fresh faced Mayo (above) aged 27. But two years later and he's already 41 (below).



urge to sleep in a basket and lick my bollocks, at least not yet!" he quipped. "And I haven't started sniffing the other DJ's arses". But despite the smiles, Mayo knows that unless a cure is found, that day may not be too far away.



-SPOILT BASTARD-



MAX POWER

Roadside Recovery Patrolman



OH NO... THE OLD GIRL HAS BROKEN DOWN, CISSIE. FIRST TIME SHE'S LET US DOWN IN FORTY YEARS.

YES HECTOR. IT'S A GOOD JOB WE'VE KEPT OUR AA MEMBERSHIP ALL THIS TIME. IT'LL BE OUR FIRST CALLOUT.

FUT! FUT!

CONK!

YES! IT'S A 1957 CHAMPION IMPERIAL... BROKEN DOWN... YES... ON THE AGAS... YES, WE'VE HAD IT FROM NEW YOU KNOW... YOU'LL SEND SOMEONE STRAIGHT AWAY? LOVELY. THANK-YOU.

SHORTLY...

LET'S HAVE A LOOK, RIGHT. WELL... I CAN SEE WHAT YOUR PROBLEM IS HERE...

WE CAN BIN THIS OLD LUMP FOR A START.

OH DEAR. IS THAT NECESSARY?

HOIK!

I'LL SHOEHORN A COSSIE 8-POT MONSTER IN THERE, SCHRICK HIGH-LIFT FULL-RACE CAM, PIPER NITRIDED CRANK, ROLLER ROCKERS AND A STRAIGHT-CUT MINIMAL-TOLERANCE CLUSTER DOG BOX WITH SPLITPIRE TRIPLE-PLATINUM PLUGS.

I THINK I'VE GOT ONE IN THE VAN.

SHORTLY...

THERE. IS THAT THE BOLLOCKS OR WHAT.

ERM... ARE YOU SURE ABOUT THIS?

HMM. I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN. YOU'LL NEED SOME MEGA ANCHORS TO STOP THAT CUNT. I'LL LOB IN SOME SIX HUNDRED MIL CROSS-DRILLED AND GROOVED TAROX DISCS WITH MAXTORQ PADS, AERQUIP BRAIDED HOSES AND COLOUR CODED GOODRIDGE CALIPERS.

...AND YOU'RE GONNA NEED SOME WHEELS THAT SAY 18" OF PURE SEX. YOU WANT A SET OF HOSHINO 5-PIECE RACING SPLIT RIM ALLOYS ON 255/40 18 BRIDGESTONE S02 ULTRA LOW PROFILE RUBBER.

YOU WANT TO GET THE BACK END DOWN AS LOW AS A GNOME'S ARSE, MATE. EIBACH PRO-KIT 40 MIL DROP SPRINGS, BOGE GAS DAMPERS AND HKS STRUT BRACES FRONT AND REAR WITH ADJUSTABLE BUMP AND REBOUND.

LISTEN. ONCE WE'VE GOT THE NISMO ARCH MODS, DTM AIR-SPLITTER, STEINMETZ SIDE-SKIRTS, IRMSCHER WHALE-TAIL AND XRS QUAD HEAD-LIGHT CONVERSION ON IT, IT'S GONNA LOOK WELL MEAN. I THINK I'VE GOT SOME IN THE VAN.

SHORTLY...

THERE. THAT LOOKS LIKE THE CAT'S KNACKERS. TRY IT NOW.

WHIRRR... FUT... FUT...

CONK!

HMM. SOUNDS LIKE IT MIGHT BE THE EXHAUST. TELL YOU WHAT - I'LL STICK YOU ON THE PECO STAINLESS MANIFOLD, WITH A DOUBLE PASS BACK BOX AND TWIN MAGNECH CENTRE-EXIT UPSWEPT TAILPIPE.

SHORTLY...

THERE. THAT BASTARD'LL BARK LIKE A DOGFISH ON FULL THROTTLE. I'VE GOT A KEVLAR MANTA 400-STYLE VENTED BONNET MOD WITH A MAXIMUM POWER-BULGE AND A COUPLE OF COBRA DAYTONA HIGH-BACK BUCKETS IN THE VAN. I'LL SORT YOU WITH THOSE, AND WE'LL GIVE IT ANOTHER SPIN.

SO... RIGHT. TRY IT AGAIN. IT'LL HAVE A LUMPY IDLE - BUT IT'LL SNAP YOUR FUCKIN' NECK WHEN THE COMPRESSOR KICKS IN. IT'LL PISS A STANDING QUARTER IN 13 SECS. NO BOTHER.

WHIRRR... FUT... FUT... CONK!

NOW - WHAT ABOUT YOUR ICE?

HUNH?

COME ON GRANDAD. YOUR IN-CAR ENTERTAINMENT... YOUR WIRELESS.

OH YES. IT'S STILL GOT THE ORIGINAL VAVE-RADIO YOU KNOW. IT'S QUITE A COLLECTOR'S ITEM NOW APPARENTLY.

RIGHT. WE'LL TORCH THAT. YOU WANT SOMETHING YOU BREATHE ON JUST ENOUGH TO MAKE IT SING LIKE A BIRCH - SOMETHING THAT'LL GIVE YOUR PORTED BAND-PASS BOX A BIT OF AN ACOUSTIC PULL-THROUGH. SOME REAL TANK SLAP ON YOUR TRANSIENTS.

SO... THERE YOU GO. I'VE PUMBED IN A PIONEER KEH PB200 RDS HEAD UNIT FEEDING AN ALPINE CHA1204 CD CHANGER IN PARALLEL WITH PIONEER 5 1/4" MIDS, 6x9" TWO-WAY KENWOOD 7 1/4" 11 TWEETERS, ALPINE 1" TWEETER, ALPINE 5 1/4" MIDS, ROCKFORD FOSGATE 5 1/4" MIDS, PUNCH GDI9 AMP, KENWOOD KAG PS150 AMP...

FEEDING AN 180 WATT QM CUSTOM SUBWOOFER, FULLY CARPETED, WITH A PERSPEX WINDOW, AND 8x15" KICKER COMPETITION SUBS, 81-AMPED AND BRIDGED TO 4,000 KILOWATTS.

I'VE CHUCKED IN A FEW BASS APOCALYPSE CDs FOR YOU, T. AND BLACKED YOU OUT WITH A ROLL OF CARNOISSOUR DARK SMOKE WINDOW FILM.

THANK-YOU.

WHAT A NICE MAN.

GLAD TO BE OF ASSISTANCE. HAVE A SAFE TRIP NOW. BYE.

WHEEZE... FUT... FUT... CONK...

HMM. SHE STILL DOESN'T WANT TO START DEAR. PERHAPS THE CARBURETTOR IS A WHILE. WE CAN LISTEN TO THIS FANCY NEW WIRELESS.

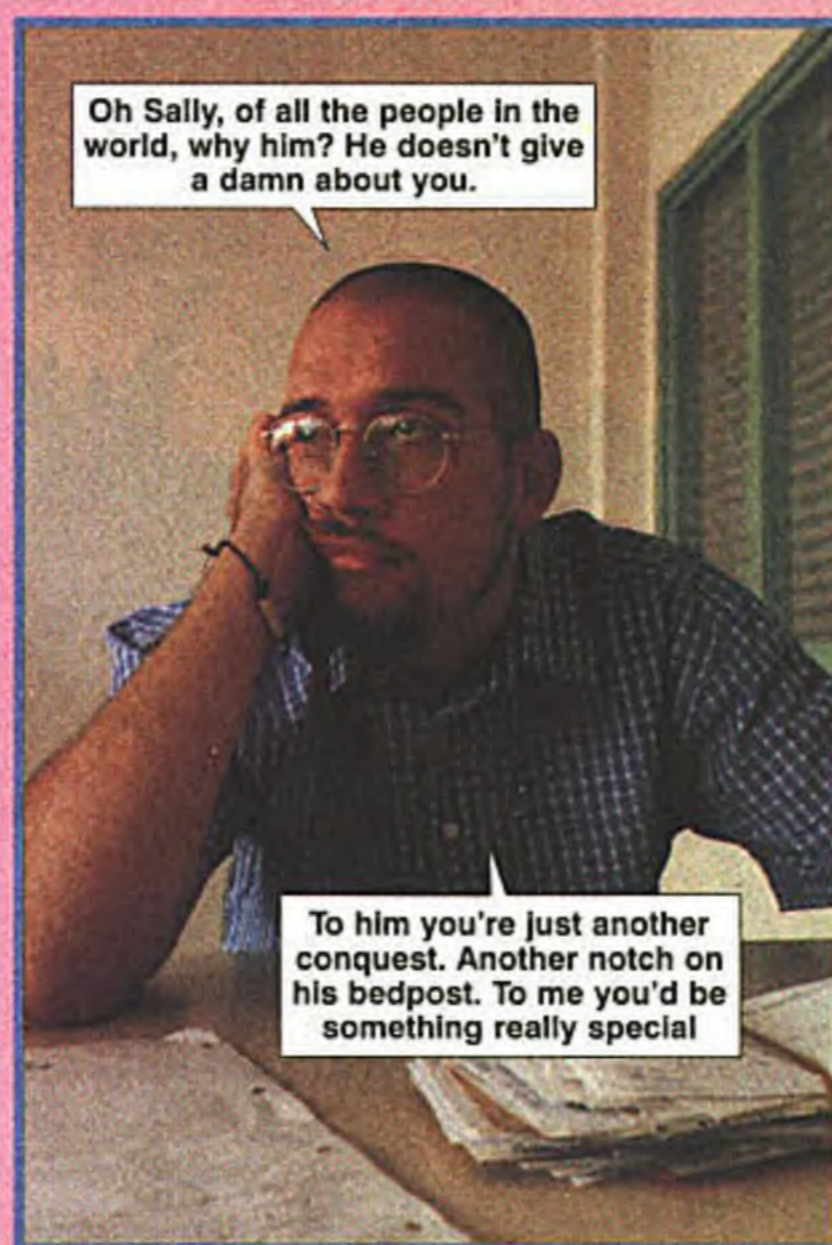
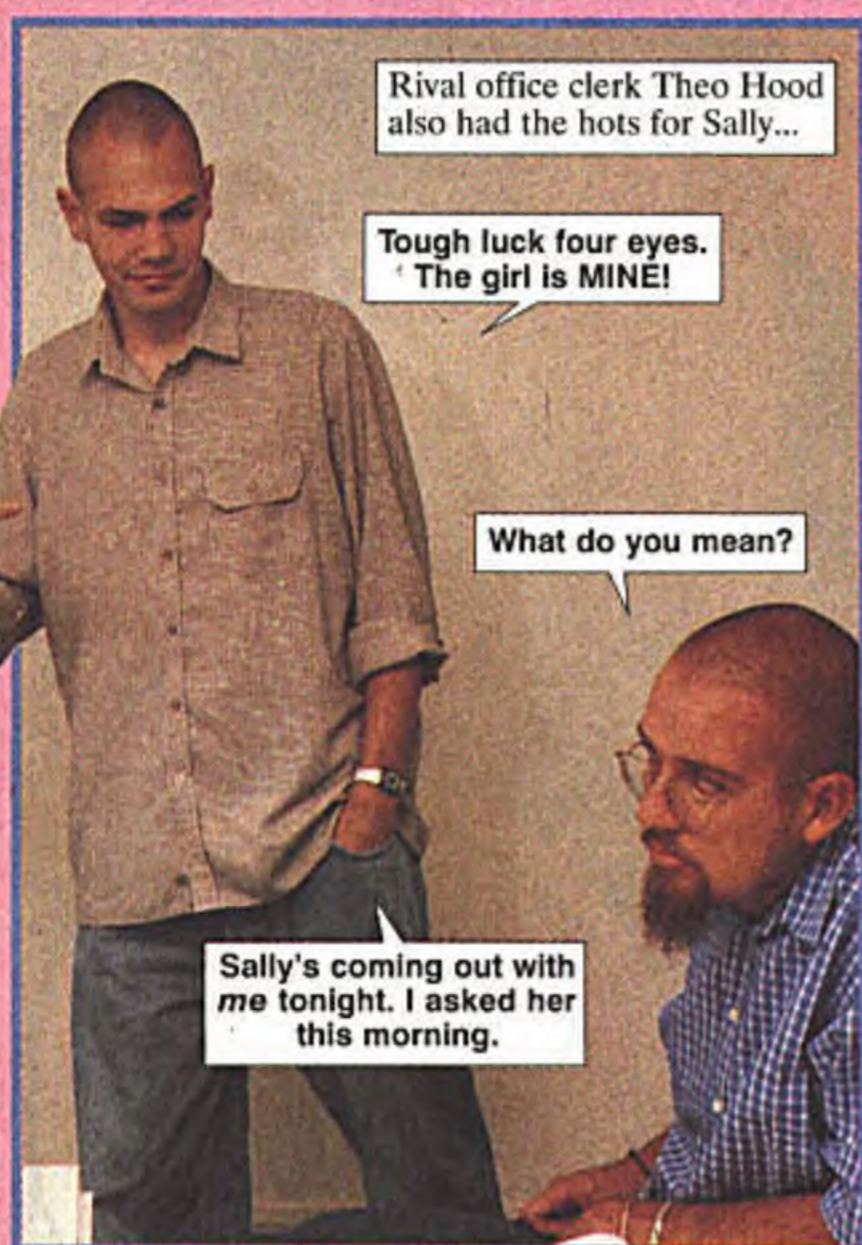
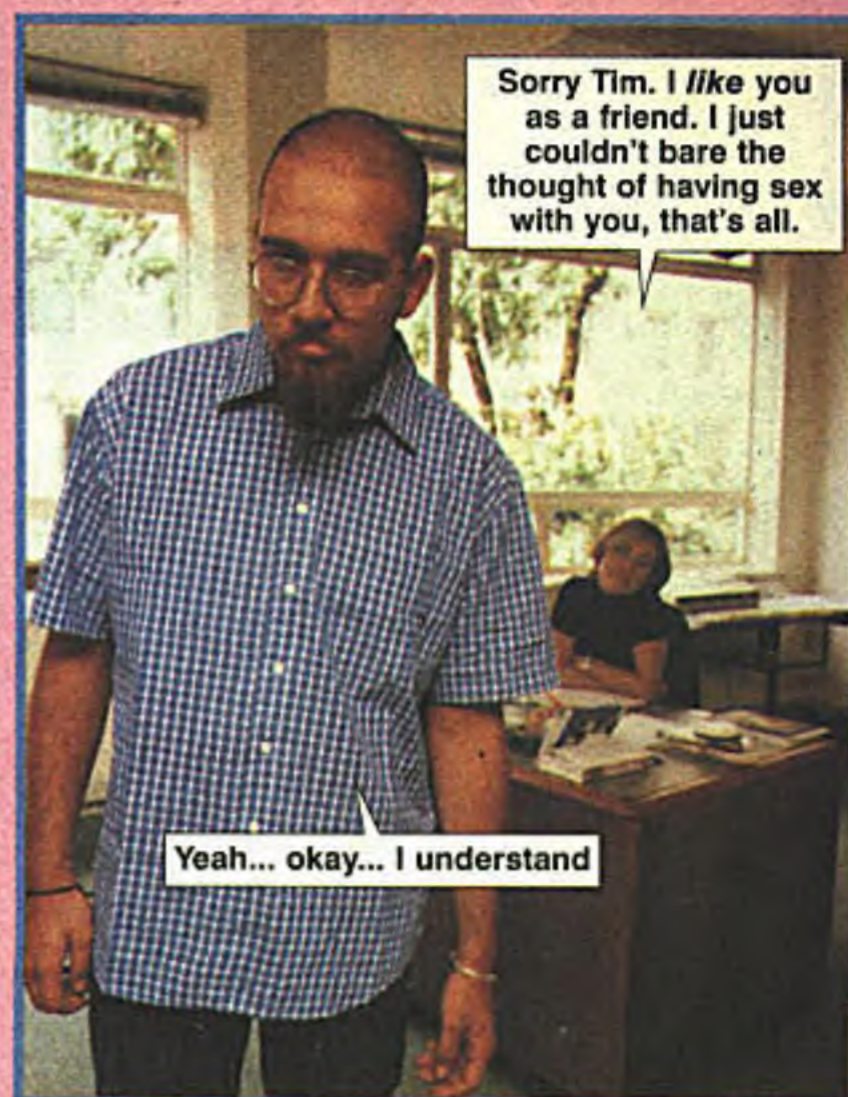
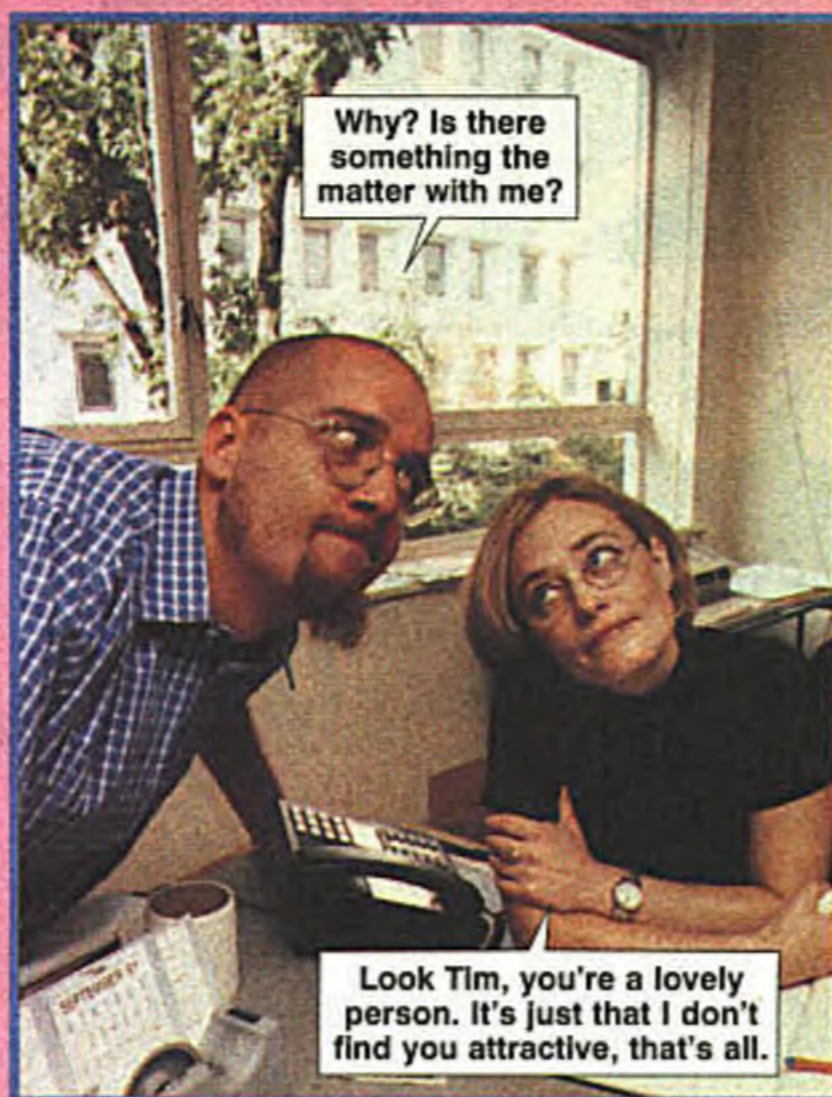
YES. IT'S NEARLY TIME FOR THE ARCHERS.

CLICK

FWOOMF! FWOOMF! FWOOMF! FWOOMF!

REDUCED TO LIQUID

££ The Price of Love ££

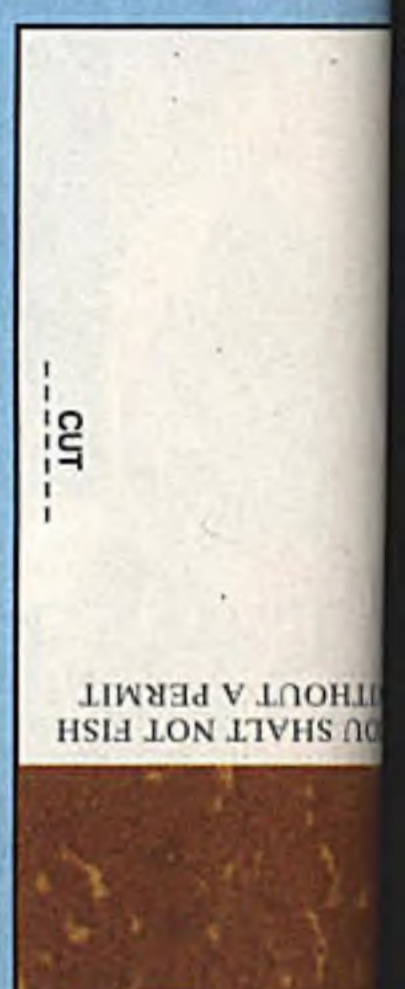
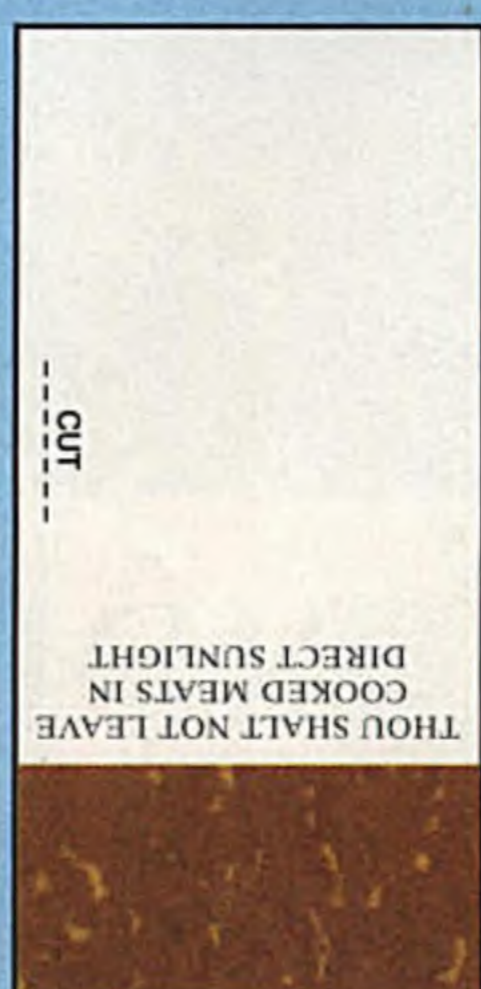
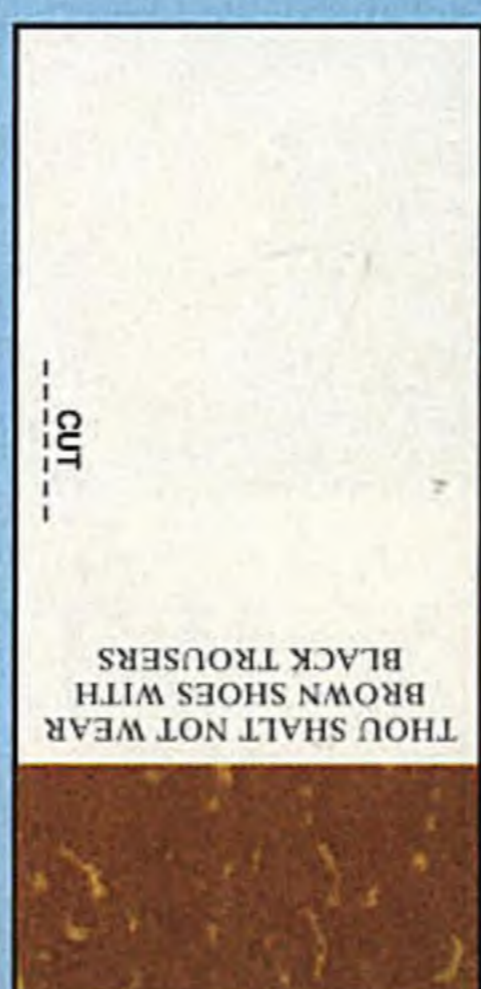
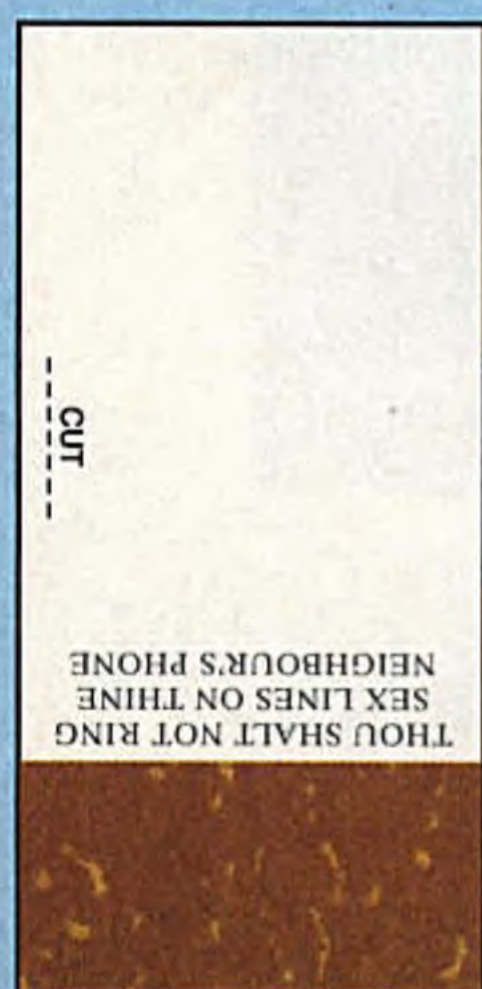
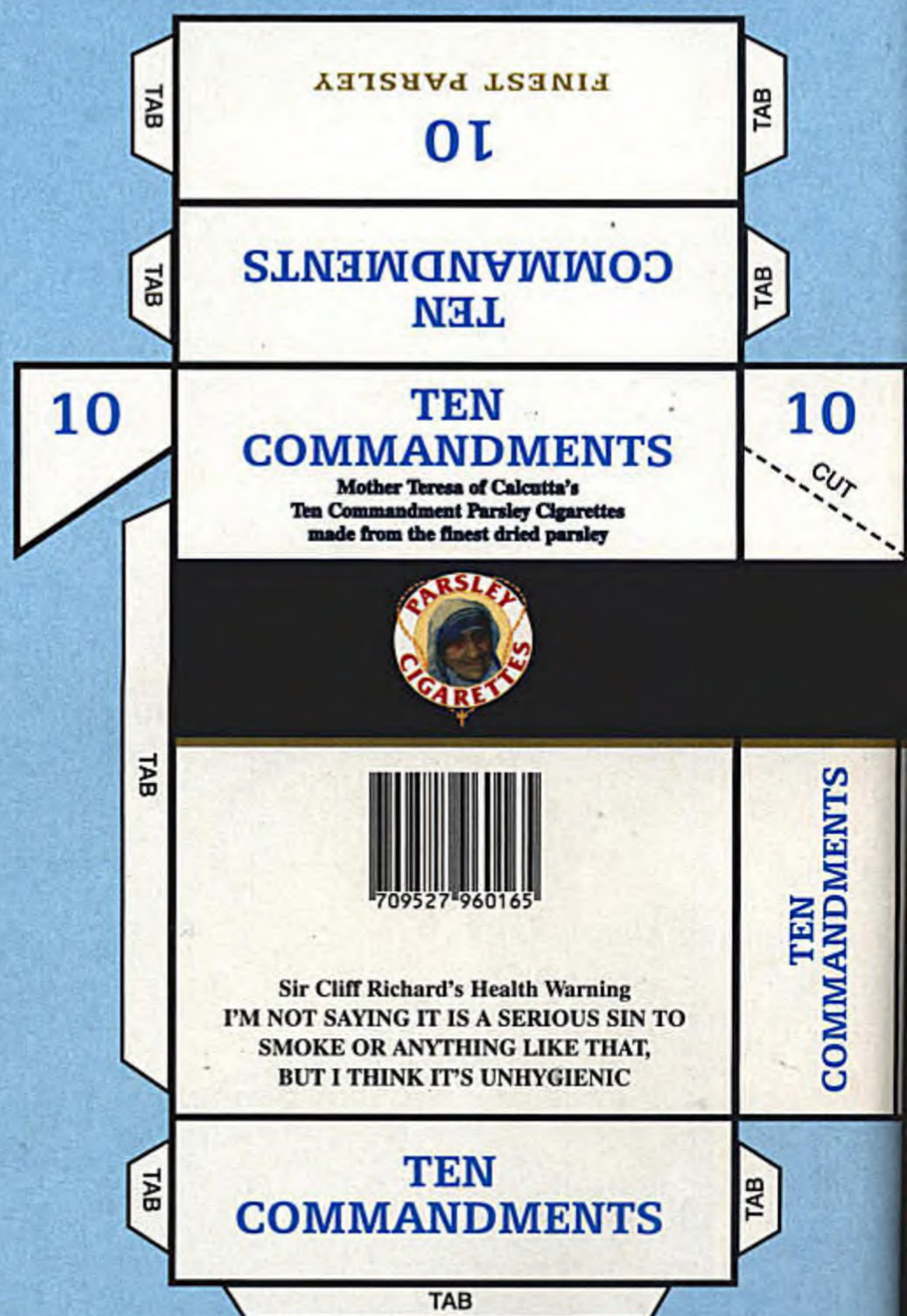


HOLY SMOKERS! ROLL UP! ROLL UP! AND KICK T

Mother Teresa of Calcutta's

Ten Comm

Sick of forking out a fortune on fags, but *dying* for a smoke? Mother Teresa devoted her life to helping the *sick* and *dying*, so we feel there is *nun* better way to pay tribute to her than by helping smokers kick their filthy nicotine *habit*. But don't worry. Tab lovers can still get a *heavenly high* by smoking Mother Teresa's 'Ten Commandments' cigarettes instead. They're entirely harmless*, as they contain no nicotine whatsoever. Just parsley. Like Moses' Holy Tablets, Mother Teresa's *Holy Tabs* are inscribed with God's Ten Commandments. And so, just as Mother Teresa lit up a small corner of the world with her work, *we* ask *you* to light up a memorial Ten Commandments cigarette in her memory. Read carefully the inscription upon it, and reflect upon God's wisely words as you relax and enjoy a thoroughly *holy smoke*. Just as Jesus turned water into wine, you can turn parsley and paper into Ten Commandment superking cigarettes by following the instructions opposite.



*The word 'harmless' is used speciously. Parsley cigarettes may pose a serious danger to health if smoked. Parsley

Commandments

Filter-tipped
Parsley Cigarettes

INSTRUCTIONS

Put out the Ten Commandments parsley cigarette packet and assemble as per fig. 1. Cut out the individual cigarette papers. Put a generous amount of dried parsley (available from all greengrocers) onto each paper leaving a 1/2 inch gap at the coloured end. Insert a piece of cotton wool or short section of tampon into the gap to act as a filter (fig. 2). Roll into a cigarette and secure by inserting tab through slot on the opposite side (fig. 3). Insert cigarettes into the packet. Usually remove cigarette, tap it twice, light with a match, and smoke.

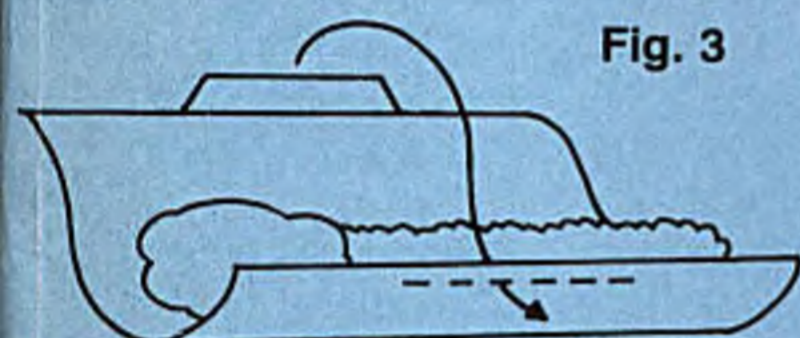
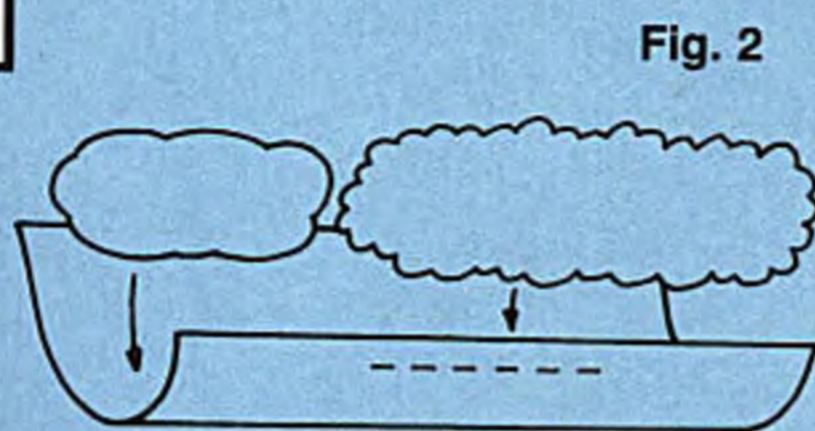
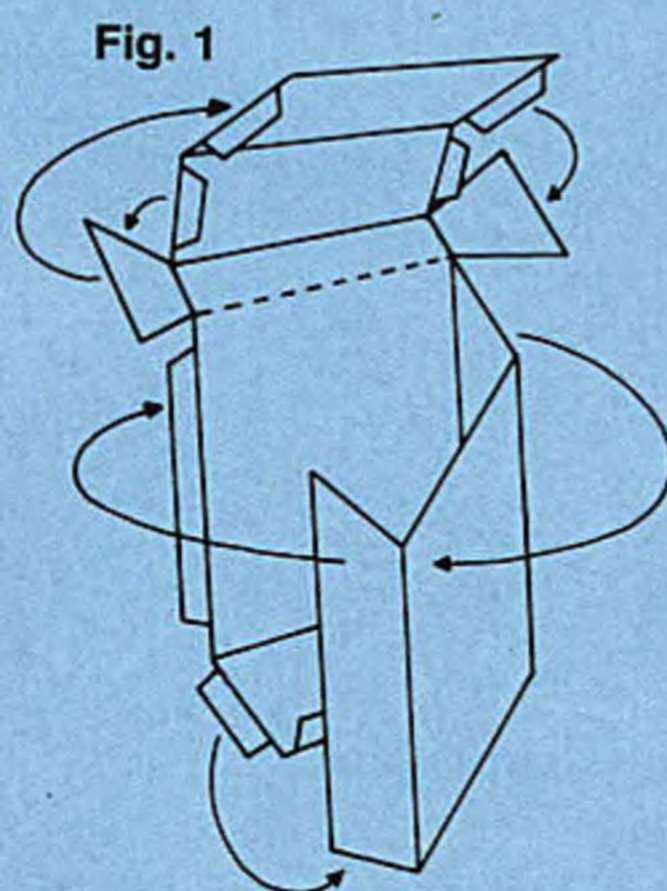
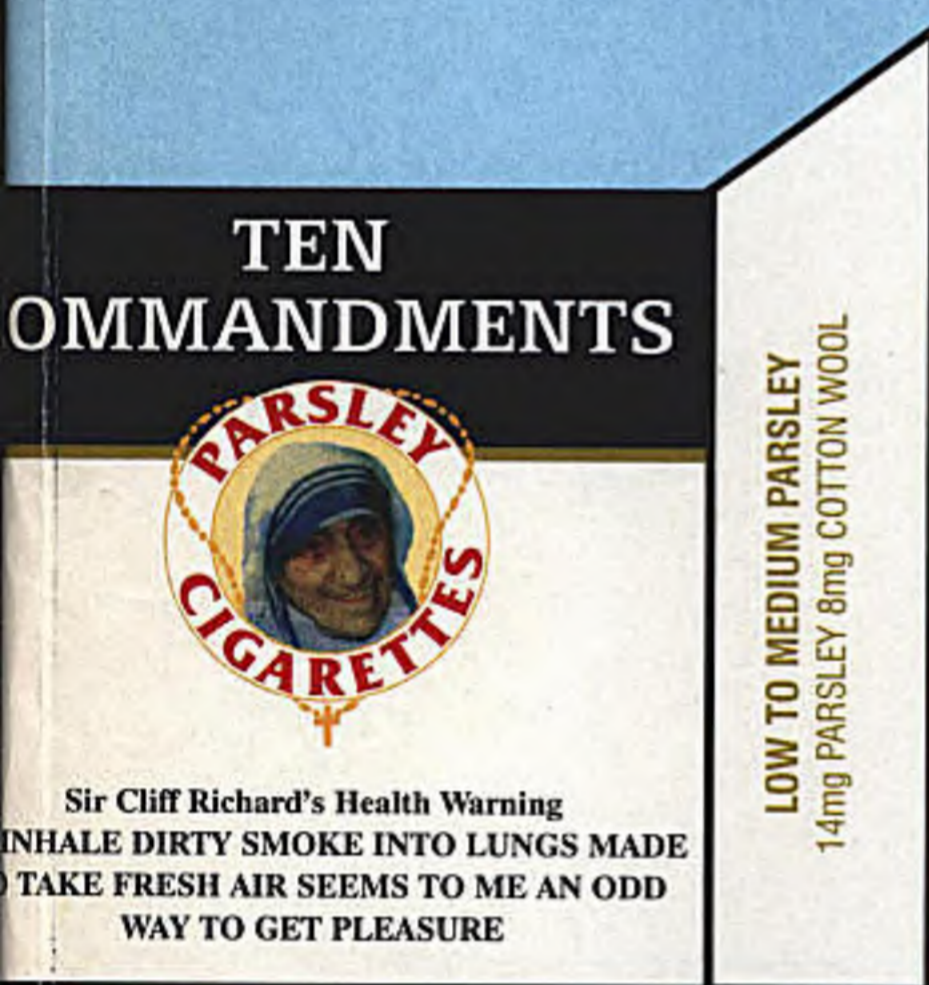


Fig. 3

Fig. 2

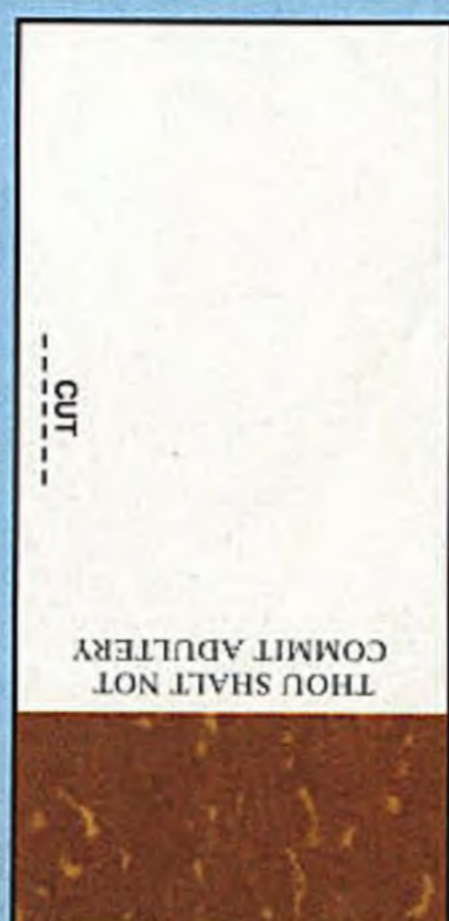
PACKET IN!

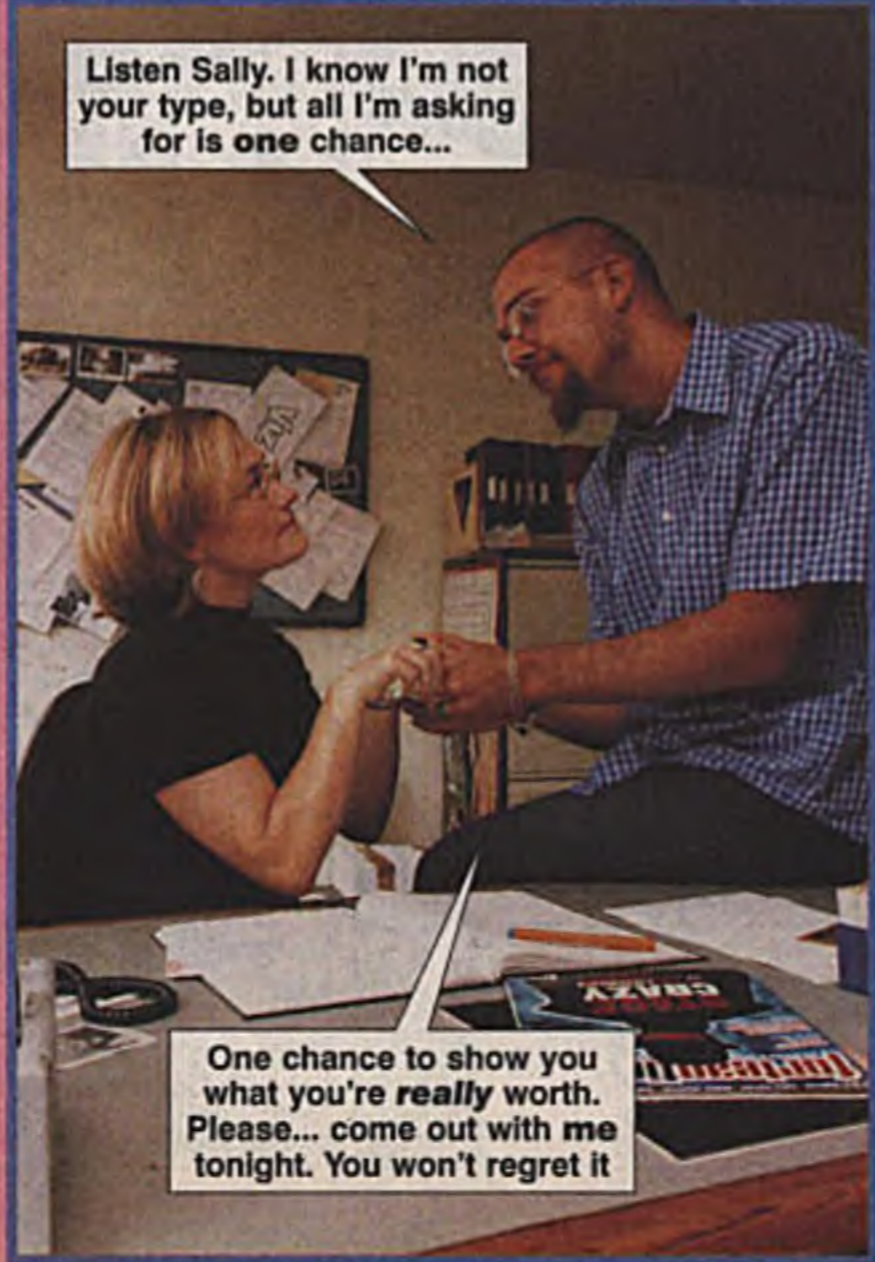
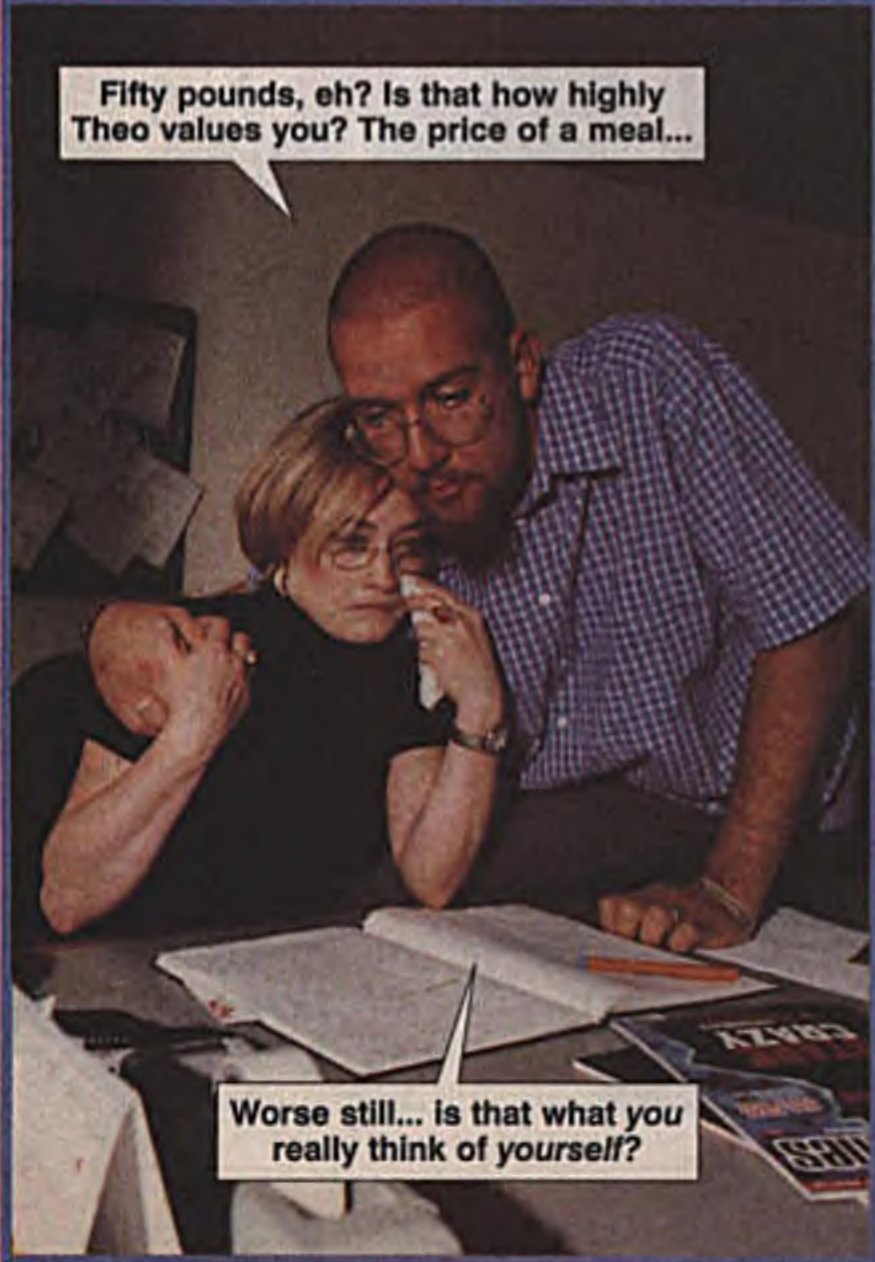
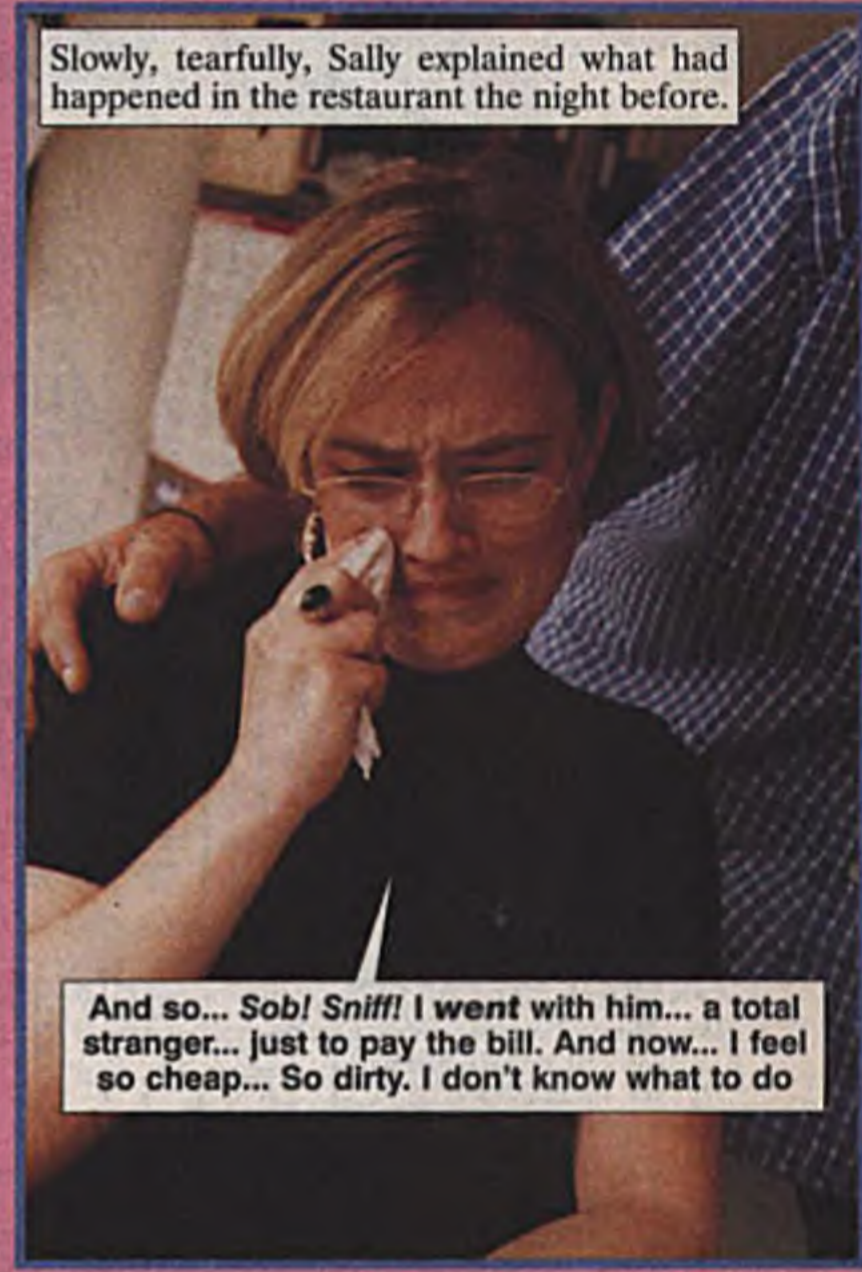
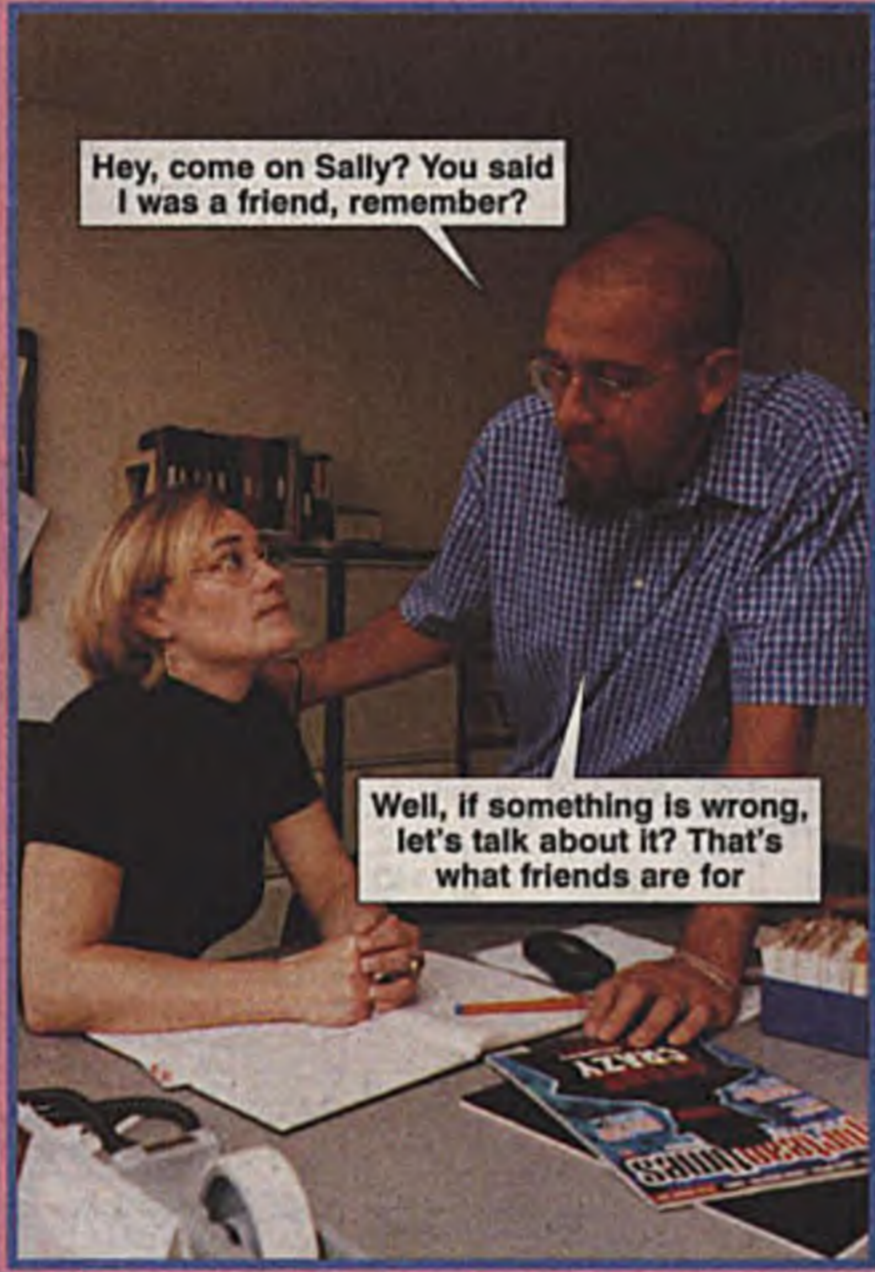
Sir Cliff Richard attributes his eternal youth to a fag free life. "I've always hated smoking," he says. "Why accept a few minutes pleasure from a cigarette in return for a few days of your life?" Compare Cliff's youthful looks with his 80 a day brother Rolling Stone Keith and you immediately realise the benefits of giving up. Both are 87.



Oh brother! Twins Cliff and Keith yesterday

"If there had been harmless Mother Teresa of Calcutta memorial 'Ten Commandments' parsley cigarettes when I was a kid I'm sure I'd have kicked the nicotine habit", says rock veteran Keith.

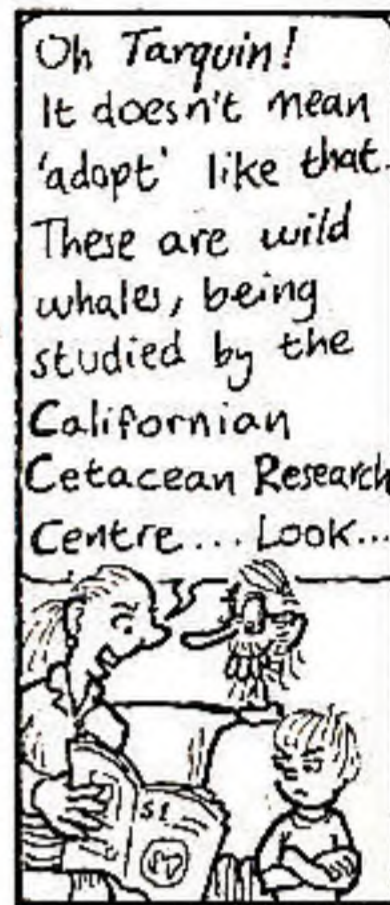
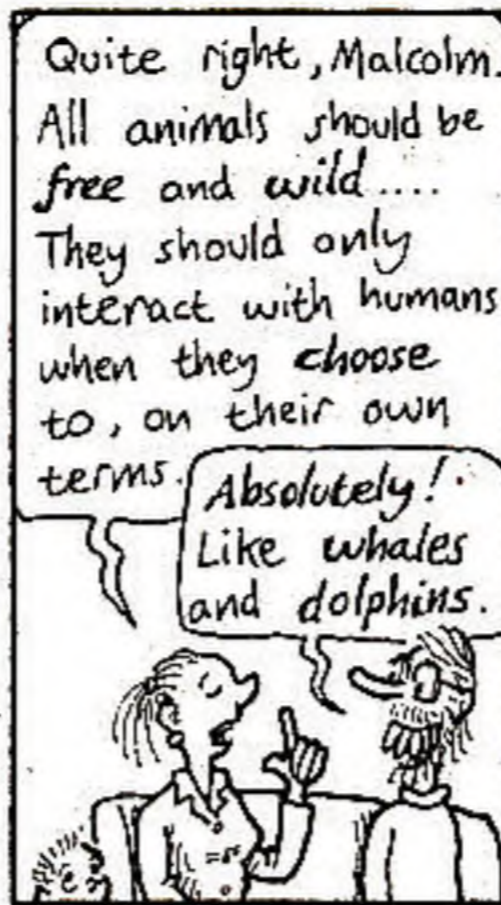




[illegible]

THE MODERN PARENTS

John Fardell '97



Advertising Feature

Adopt a Whale

The Californian Cetacean Research Centre is offering this unique opportunity to become directly involved with one of nature's most noble and spiritual creatures - The Humpback Whale

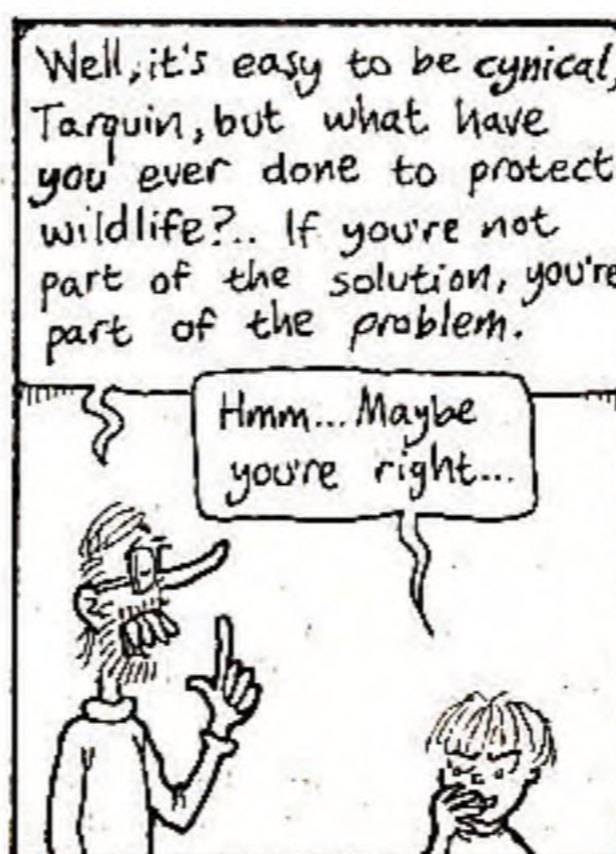
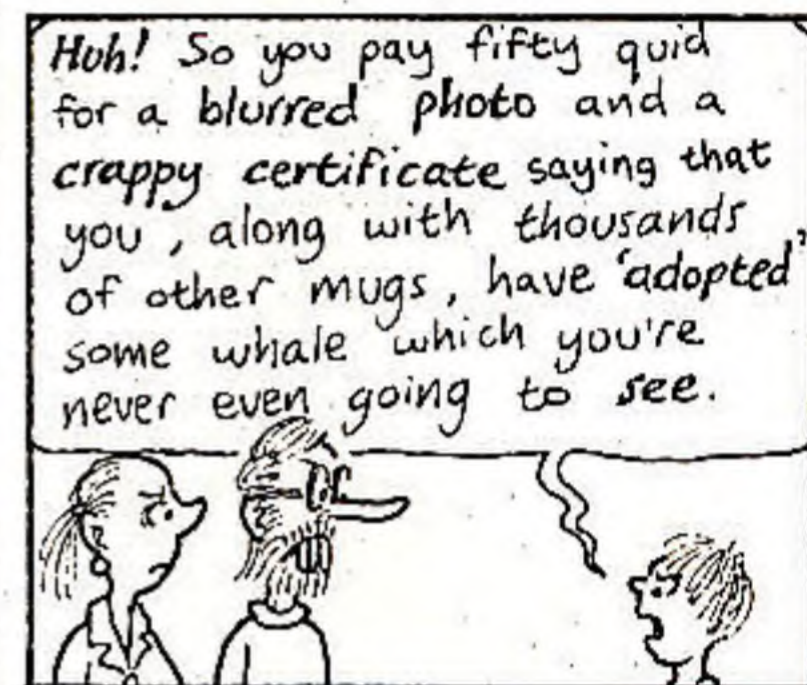
In return for just £49.99 you will receive your very own Whale Adopter's Certificate, with a limited edition photograph of your whale.

Choose one of the five whales in our study sample:

- Aqua
- Neptune
- Peacewater
- Flipper
- Rainbow

Yes, I would like to adopt (Whale's name) I enclose a cheque/postal order for £2000

Become a VOLUNTEER No Experience Necessary Just Come



A week later...

Where's Tarquin and Guinevere?

They're up at the woods again... A nature study project, Tarquin said....

They're spending a lot of time up there... Maybe Tarquin's finally developing a sense of eco-concern...

Gosh! D'you think so?.. Let's go and encourage him...

Wow! That's fine I've seen now!

There's something so special about seeing red squirrels in the wild...

RED SQUIRREL RESERCH CENTRE
Become a Volunteer Squirrel Counter. Only £80 for the privilage of helping to protect these rair creakers.

Adopt-a-Squirrel Certificate £59.99

Hmm...All this money is being spent on wildlife protection, isn't it, Tarquin?

Of course....

... After we've covered our running expenses, obviously....

Well, I must say, I'm quite impressed by the project... I certainly had no idea there were so many red squirrels around here....

Hang on! I'm not sure they are red squirrels!... They look like grey squirrels to me... Except for their colour...

Tarquin! You haven't?!...

Alright, alright.... So they're grey squirrels!... Guin tamed them with nuts and I flicked a bit of paint on them...

How could you abuse animals like that?!

They didn't mind!.. It'll soon wash off in the rain.

Grey squirrels! I didn't pay to see grey squirrels! They aren't rare!

I don't see what difference it makes... They're all squirrels, aren't they?

Grey squirrels are aggressive incomers from America.... They've driven all our native red squirrels out.

If Man hadn't interfered with the natural countryside, this would be a forest, full of red squirrels and beavers and..and pandas and things.

Hmm... So what d'you think we should do with all these foreign grey squirrels, then?... Do a bit of ethnic cleansing?

Don't put words into my mouth!

We could go into squirrel meat, Guin..

We shouldn't interfere with nature in the first place... We should let all animals live in peace and roam freely.

Now pack all this up... We're going home!

Aw!

The next day....

Hey, guess what! Guin's found himself another animal to study...

Now I thought we made it clear that...

It's alright... This is a native, wild animal that has chosen to come and interact with us on its own terms...

Gosh! Has Guinevere seen an urban fox out in the garden?

Or seen a bat fly into our attic? How exciting!

No, it's neither of those... See, it's come into his bedroom....

... through the skirting-board...

AAARGH!!

Is that the Pest Control Department?... Help!!

We've got a rat!! Come and KILL it before it gives us black death or..or.. bites us!! Poison it!! Exterminate it!!

Sit!... Lie down! Good boy!

Recipe for DISASTER

FISH and chip magnate Harry Ramsden has described as 'ludicrous' Government plans to cover the Millennium dome with a delicious crispy batter coating made by American food giant Kentucky Fried Chicken.

Government Dome chief Peter Mandelson announced the decision to award the contract to KFC at a press conference yesterday morning. But a furious Harry Ramsden claims his British fish and chip shops were not able to compete with the KFC bid, as several million pounds had to be added to their tender for salt and vinegar.

Dome

"Here we have an opportunity to show the world that British fish and chips are best by coating the Dome in a traditional British batter, and in order to save a few bob on salt and vinegar the government awards the contract to an American junk food merchant. It's a national disgrace", Mr Ramsden told reporters.

Birds

Meanwhile Colonel Sanders confirmed he will use his secret recipe of eleven different herbs and spices to create a gigantic coating for the multi billion

Ramsden rages at KFC dome contract

pound white elephant, which Mr Mandelson hopes will be completed by the year 2000.

"I am delighted to have won the order and I am looking forward to making the Dome a 'finger licking good' experience for everyone who visits it", he said.

Thighs

But Colonel Sanders was interrupted by a clearly agitated Mr. Ramsden. "Oh yeah? And how exactly is a cartoon chef who doesn't even exist going to fulfil such an enormous contract?", he asked. "The whole thing is a recipe for disaster".



Colonel Sanders (below) took a verbal battering from Harry Ramsden (above) below.



"Before he starts calling me a cartoon Mr Ramsden would do well to remember that he himself died several years ago", retorted the Colonel.

"Aah, go and fuck yourself", replied Mr Ramsden who then appeared to strike out at his rival.

The drinks are on Mir



A Russian space boffin attempts to repair a damaged wing mirror on Mir last week.

But only they're not! For the latest mishap to strike Russia's disaster prone probe has left the thirsty three man crew stranded in space without any hot drinks.

Mir's 30 year old Klix drinks vending machine conked out after a coin - believed to be a Russian rupee - jammed in the rickety slot mechanism.

As a result chocolate, tea coffee and Bovril are off the menu, and the crew are left with cosmonaut to drink but hot water which the machine is continuing to dispense.

"Fortunately the gravity has come back on", British boffin Michael Foale told

reporters yesterday "so at least we can have a nice bit sit down, although I must admit I'm gasping for a cuppa".

Red faced reds at the Russian space centre expect a service engineer to arrive at the stricken satellite - orbiting 600 feet above the Earth - some time on Thursday, but they couldn't say whether it would be morning or afternoon.

STOP PRESS...2AM NEWS...

Flip Flops in telly 'U' turn

THE controversial Flip Flop TV ads featuring the late Mother Teresa are back ON.

Advertising chiefs had deemed the rubber sandal ads 'too hot to handle' and shelved them after a storm of outrage followed Mother Teresa's death.

Cotton

But thanks to TV trickery the ads are back on air. However they will no longer feature the controversial dead nun. Instead they have been re-shot, with actress Dot Cotton out of East-Enders playing the role of Mother Teresa.

Bunter

"Under the circumstances we felt it would be inappropriate to use the original footage which was filmed before Mother Teresa's death", explained



New Mother Teresa Dot Cotton yesterday

campaign director David Kissy-Arsehole.

Butlin

"Dot Cotton out of EastEnders was happy to step in at short notice, and we're confident the ads will be a fitting tribute to Mother Teresa", he added.

NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL SHOUTING

Lord Tonypandy Shouts... Order! Order!



Recorded live at the House of Commons

ORDER! ORDER!

Double CD or Cassette Over 2 hours of the very best cries of Order! Order! from Britain's best loved Speaker of the House

Turn YOUR speakers of the house full up and listen to all your favourites, including-

***Order! Order!
*Order! Order!..Order!
*Orrrrrrder! ORDER!!**

-and many more

Out Now on Tonypandymonium Records. Order! Order! your copy Today!

HOLLYWOOD'S BLAZE TRAILER HANGS UP HOSE



Mr Adair in 1959
- the heyday of
Hollywood
chip pan fires.

A veteran Hollywood fire fighter is to hang up his hose after 50 years extinguishing chip pan fires in the kitchens of the rich and famous.

Blue Adair - third cousin, twice removed of Texan fire fighter Red - has saved many of tinseltown's most glamorous kitchens from serious fire damage. And he is about to tell his remarkable story in book entitled "Danger: Hot Fat in Hollywood".

Book

But the book has already faced criticism. From his home in Workington yesterday Mr Adair denied allegations that he is cashing in on the suffering of celebrities who have experienced traumatic chip pan fires.

Ghoulish

"There will always be a ghoulish element who want to read about these chip pan fires because of the people involved", he admitted. "But the book does not glamourise kitchen fires - it stresses the importance of fire prevention".

Goulash

Here, in exclusive extracts from his book, Mr Adair recalls some of the hair raising adventures he has had battling with the burning chip pans of the stars.

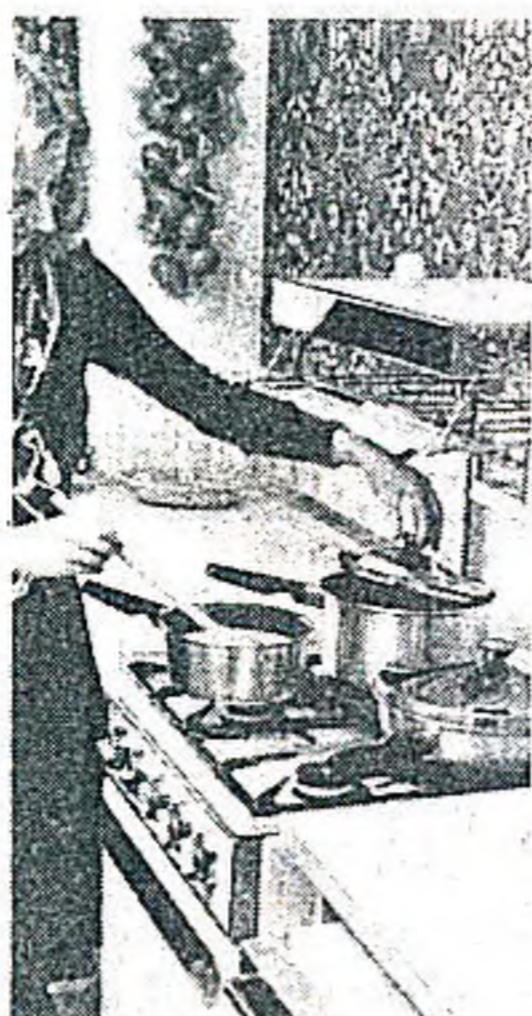
Ratatouille

"The biggest chip pan blaze I ever tackled was at the home of TV detective Frank Cannon. He had lit the flame under a chip pan then went to the toilet. He must of got diarrhoea cos he was on the toilet for ages, and when he got back the fat was on fire.

Rat-a-tat tat

Frank did the worst thing possible and poured water on the flames. The pan exploded into a huge ball of flame. Luckily Frank's mum had given him a fire

'Kitchen fire fighting has had it's chips'



An ordinary simmering chip pan like that on the left spells danger to stars like sixties Tarzan actor Ron Ely, above.

blanket for his the kitchen and I used it to cover the pan. Seconds later the fire was out. But chip pan fires don't always have happy endings.

Knock knock!

I had always been a big fan of Jim Morrison out of The Doors so one day I couldn't believe it when I answered the phone and heard him singing "Come on baby put out my fire". I could hear burning fat behind him, so I knew he wasn't kidding.

Who's there?

Jim's pan had over-heated and caught fire after he'd went to run a bath. I got round there straight away and put it out with a carbon dioxide extinguisher I keep in my boot. When I'd finished Jim asked me if I wanted to use the bath he'd just run to clean myself up.

pants, didn't dry the chips before dipping them in the pan. As soon as the chips hit the fat he was sprayed with hot, spitting fat.

Blakes 7

When I arrived seconds later I was confronted with a scene of horror. Ron was standing next to the cooker, wiping his arm with a cloth. Luckily for him I am a member of the St Johns Ambulance so I quickly run his arm under the cold tap and put ointment on.

Space 1999

Ron still had red marks on his arm when he went back to work. But instead of covering them with make-up, which might of made them sore, they decided to pretend he had got bit by a lion in the jungle. It was a clever trick, but viewers were unaware that hours earlier Ron had been face to face with a far greater danger than a lion in his kitchen.

Red Dwarf

Few people could of had a more rewarding career than what I've done, and despite the dangers I would of been happy for my sons to follow in my footsteps, if I'd had any. But in recent years celebrity chip pan fires have become fewer and farer between due to the advent of Microchips.

Green Giant

In a way I'm happy, cos microwave and oven chips are much safer. But in a way I'm sad, cos I'll miss all the exciting adventures what I have had'.

Doctor

The injuries caused by burning fat can be horrific. One day sixties TV actor Ron Ely was filming Tarzan. It was lunchtime and he decided to go home for some fish and chips. But he made a fatal mistake which was to cost him dear.

Dr. Who?

Ron, who was still wearing just his leather under-

Top Ten Chip Tips for Stars



If any celebrities are contemplating chips for tea, here is Blue Adair's Top Ten Chip Tips for safer deep fat frying.

- 1 Never fill your chip pan more than one third full of fat.
- 2 Don't put the heat on too high.
- 3 Always dry the chips before you put them in the pan.
- 4 Never leave a hot chip pan unattended.
- 5 If the pan catches fire DO NOT put water on it.
- 6 I repeat, DO NOT put water on it.
- 7 Turn the heat off and cover it with a damp cloth, towel or fire blanket.
- 8 Don't leave the handle of a chip pan overhanging the edge of the cooker.
- 9 Never return to a chip pan if it has failed to ignite.
- 10 Make sure you buy the right kind of potatoes, cos some of them are better for chips than others.

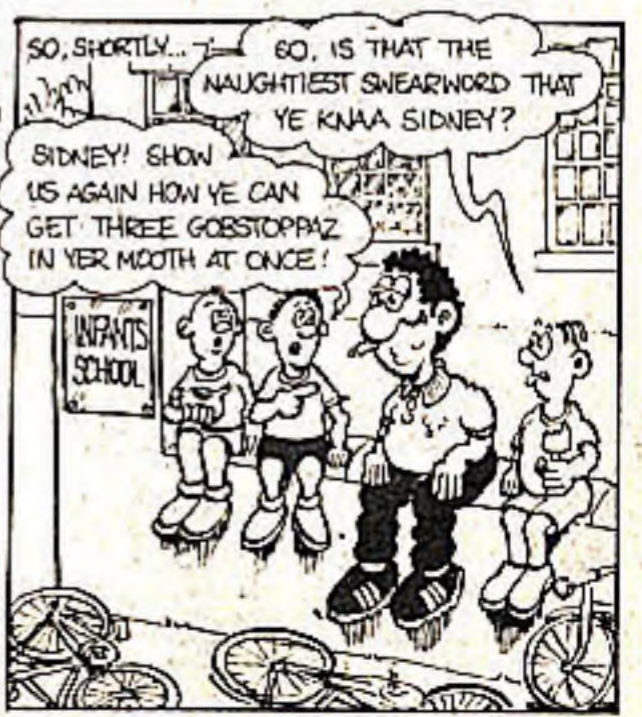
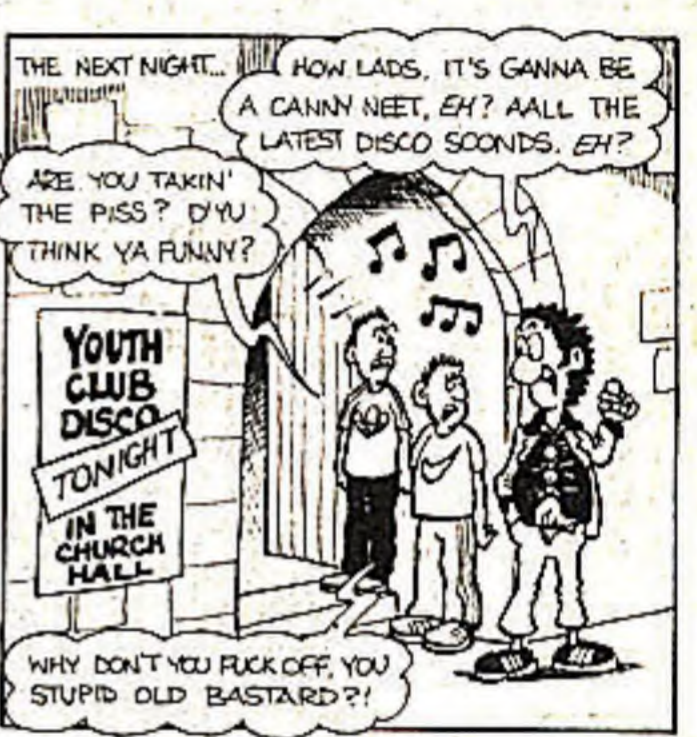
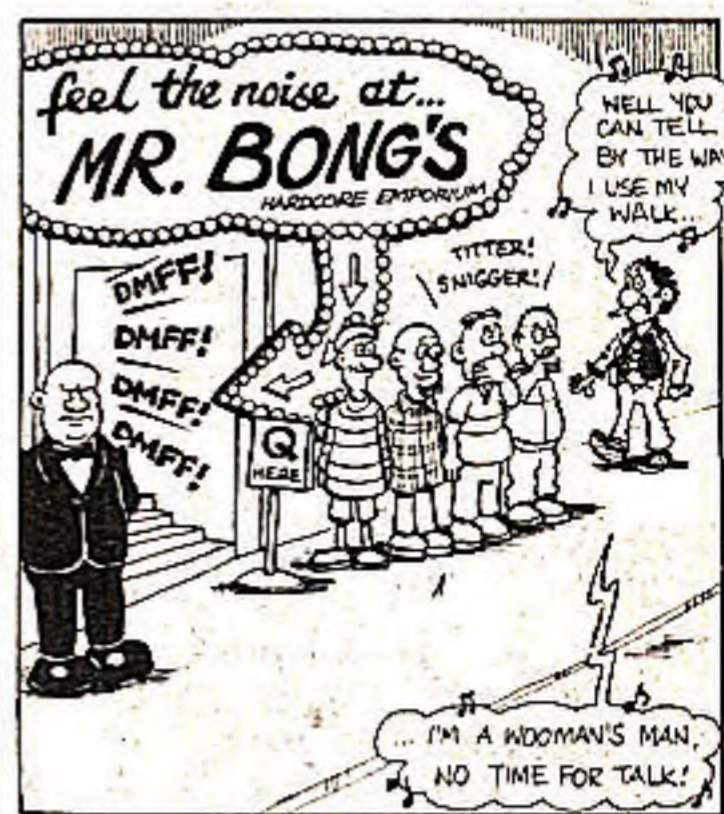
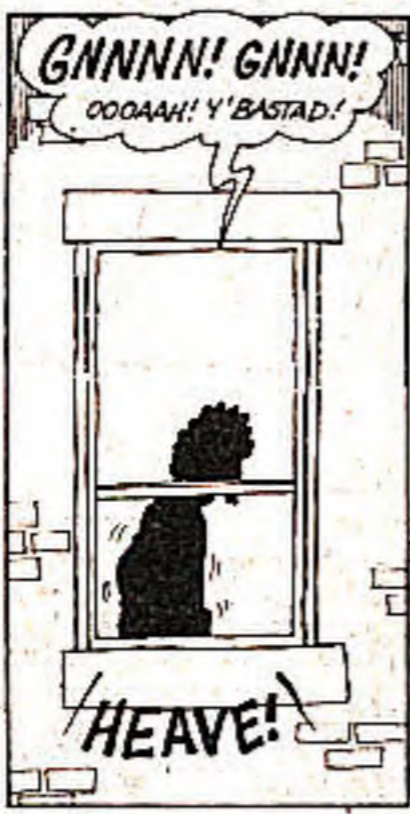
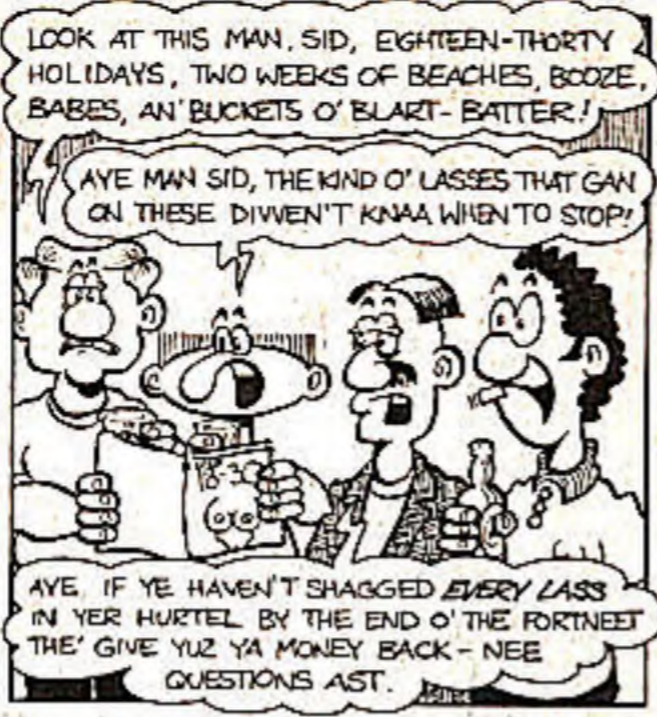
Pick Your Own Cows

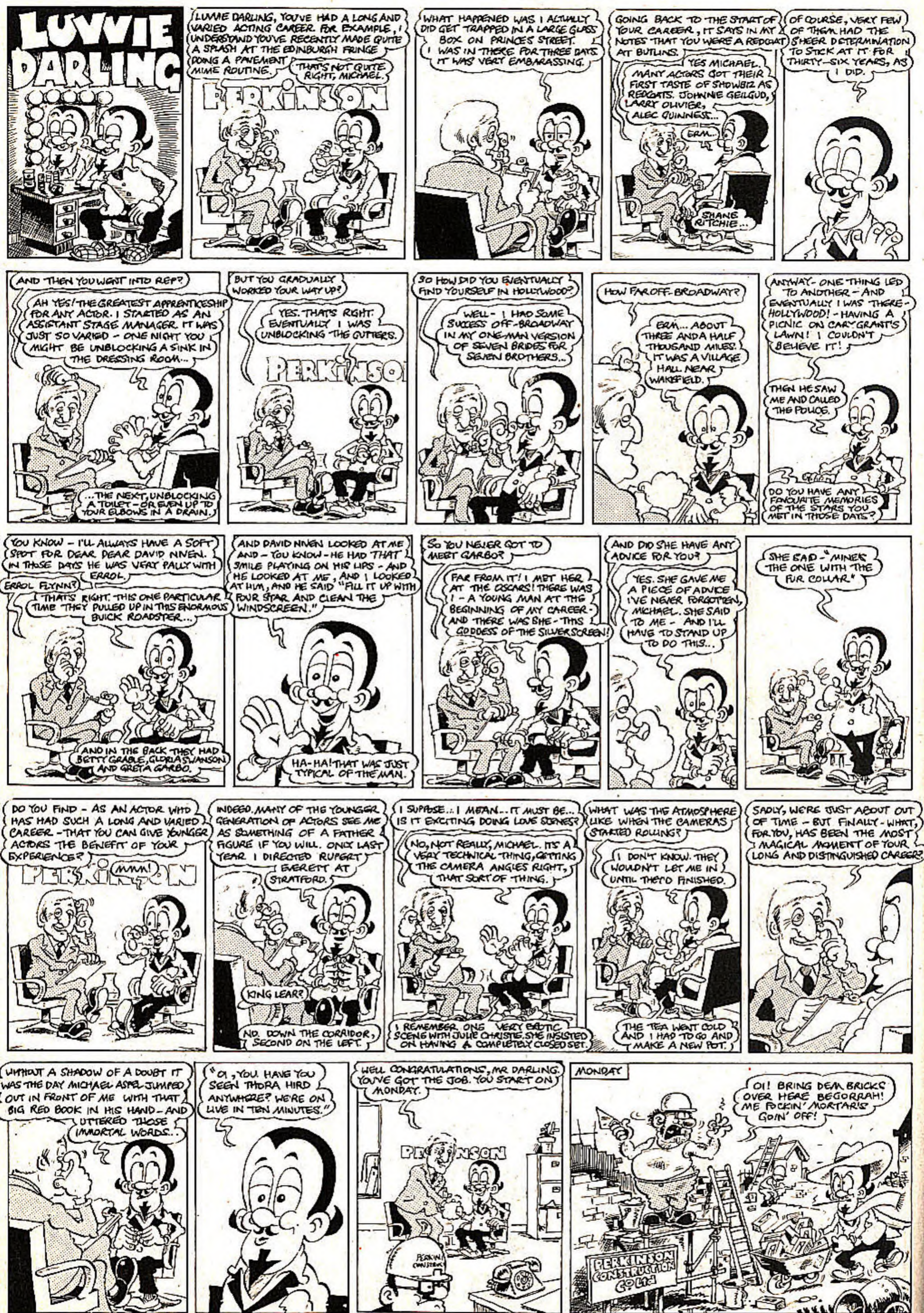


Free Top Farm, Just off the A64 Nr. Ripon

DOCUMENTARY

Do you polish your shoes? Are you in your late 30's or 40's? Are you short? We're looking for volunteers to take part in a documentary about short, middle-aged men who polish their shoes. If you are interested, call Tigers Arse Productions on 0171 565 3103 and ask for Pippa, Parsley, Pansy, Marzipan or Herbaceous.





LUVVIE DARLING

LUVVIE DARLING, YOU'VE HAD A LONG AND VARIED ACTING CAREER. FOR EXAMPLE, I UNDERSTAND YOU'VE RECENTLY MADE QUITE A SPLASH AT THE EDINBURGH FRINGE (DOING A PAVEMENT MIMING ROUTINE).

THAT'S NOT QUITE RIGHT, MICHAEL.



WHAT HAPPENED WAS I ACTUALLY DID GET TRAPPED IN A LARGE GLASS BOX ON PRINCES STREET. I WAS IN THERE FOR THREE DAYS. IT WAS VERY EMBARRASSING.



GOING BACK TO THE START OF YOUR CAREER, IT SAYS IN MY NOTES THAT YOU WERE A REDCOAT AT BUTLINS.



OF COURSE, VERY FEW OF THEM HAD THE SHEER DETERMINATION TO STICK AT IT FOR THIRTY-SIX YEARS, AS I DID.



AND THEN YOU WENT INTO REP?

AH YES! THE GREATEST APPRENTICESHIP FOR ANY ACTOR. I STARTED AS AN ASSISTANT STAGE MANAGER. IT WAS JUST SO VARIED - ONE NIGHT YOU MIGHT BE UNBLOCKING A SINK IN THE DRESSING ROOM...



BUT YOU GRADUALLY WORKED YOUR WAY UP?

YES. THAT'S RIGHT. EVENTUALLY I WAS UNBLOCKING THE OUTTERS.



SO HOW DID YOU EVENTUALLY FIND YOURSELF IN HOLLYWOOD?

WELL - I HAD SOME SUCCESS OFF-BROADWAY IN MY ONE-MAN VERSION OF SEVEN BRIDES FOR SEVEN BROTHERS...



HOW FAR OFF-BROADWAY?

ERM... ABOUT THREE AND A HALF THOUSAND MILES. IT WAS A VILLAGE HALL NEAR WAKEFIELD.



ANYWAY - ONE THING LED TO ANOTHER - AND EVENTUALLY I WAS THERE - HOLLYWOOD! - HAVING A PICNIC ON CARY GRANT'S LAWN! I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT!

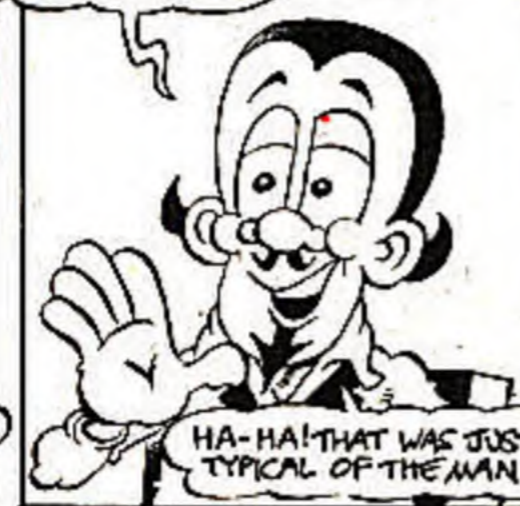


YOU KNOW - I'LL ALWAYS HAVE A SOFT SPOT FOR DEAR DEAR DAVID NIVEN. IN THOSE DAYS HE WAS VERY PALLY WITH ERROL FLYNN?

THAT'S RIGHT. THIS ONE PARTICULAR TIME THEY PULLED UP IN THIS ENORMOUS BUICK ROADSTER...



AND DAVID NIVEN LOOKED AT ME AND - YOU KNOW - HE HAD THAT SMILE PLAYING ON HIS LIPS - AND HE LOOKED AT ME, AND I LOOKED AT HIM, AND HE SAID "FILL IT UP WITH FOUR STAR AND CLEAN THE WINDSCREEN."



SO YOU NEVER GOT TO MEET GARBOR?

FAR FROM IT! I MET HER AT THE OSCARS! THERE WAS I - A YOUNG MAN AT THE BEGINNING OF MY CAREER - AND THERE WAS SHE - THIS GODDESS OF THE SILVERSCREEN!



AND DID SHE HAVE ANY ADVICE FOR YOU?

YES. SHE GAVE ME A PIECE OF ADVICE I'VE NEVER FORGOTTEN, MICHAEL. SHE SAID TO ME - AND I'LL HAVE TO STAND UP TO DO THIS...



SHE SAID - "MINER THE ONE WITH THE FUR COLLAR."



DO YOU FIND - AS AN ACTOR WHO HAS HAD SUCH A LONG AND VARIED CAREER - THAT YOU CAN GIVE YOUNGER ACTORS THE BENEFIT OF YOUR EXPERIENCE?



INDEED. MANY OF THE YOUNGER GENERATION OF ACTORS SEE ME AS SOMETHING OF A FATHER FIGURE IF YOU WILL. ONLY LAST YEAR I DIRECTED RUPERT EVERETT AT STRATFORD.



I SUPPOSE... I MEAN... IT MUST BE... IS IT EXCITING DOING LOVE SCENES?

NO, NOT REALLY, MICHAEL. IT'S A VERY TECHNICAL THING, GETTING THE CAMERA ANGLES RIGHT, THAT SORT OF THING.



WHAT WAS THE ATMOSPHERE LIKE WHEN THE CAMERAS STARTED ROLLING?

I DON'T KNOW. THEY WOULDN'T LET ME IN UNTIL THEY'D FINISHED.



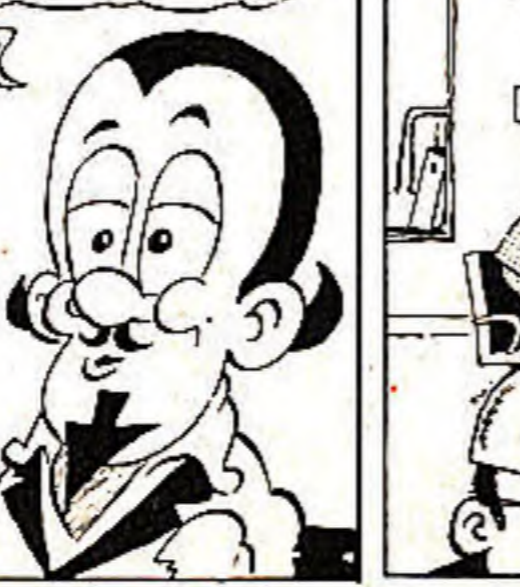
SADLY, WE'RE JUST ABOUT OUT OF TIME - BUT FINALLY - WHAT, FOR YOU, HAS BEEN THE MOST MAGICAL MOMENT OF YOUR LONG AND DISTINGUISHED CAREER?



WITHOUT A SHADOW OF A DOUBT IT WAS THE DAY MICHAEL ASPEL JUMPED OUT IN FRONT OF ME WITH THAT BIG RED BOOK IN HIS HAND - AND UTTERED THOSE IMMORTAL WORDS...



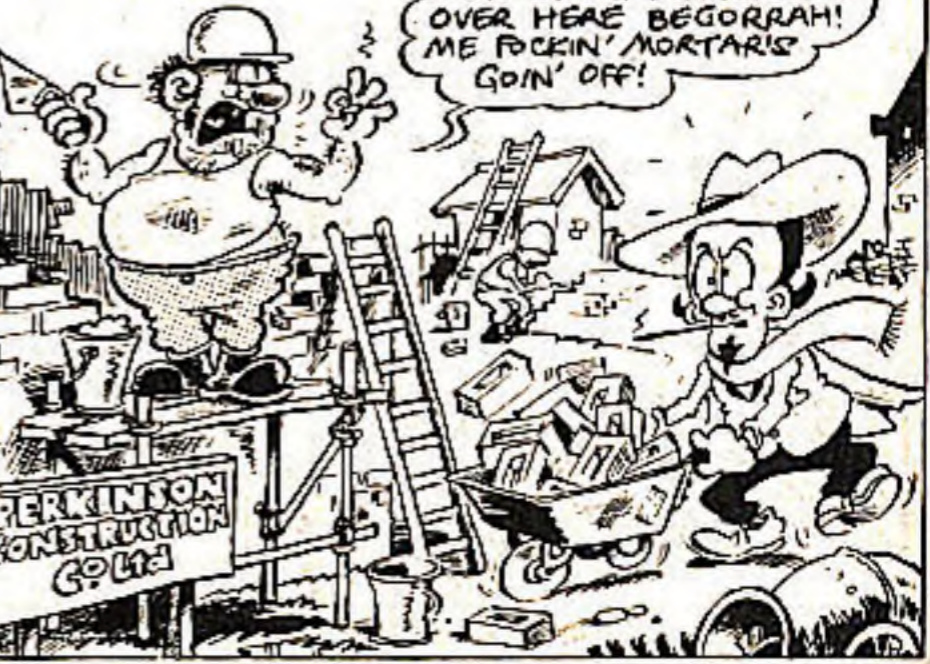
"OI, YOU. HAVE YOU SEEN THORA HIRD ANYWHERE? WE'RE ON LIVE IN TEN MINUTES."



WELL CONGRATULATIONS, MR DARLING. YOU'VE GOT THE JOB. YOU START ON MONDAY.



MONDAY



Get your hands on some booby prizes!

RUSS Meyer is regarded throughout the film world as someone who made daft movies starring women with dead big tits.

You may have seen censored snatches of movies such as *Faster Pussycat! Kill! Kill!* and *Supervixens* on the TV, and promptly switched channels. But now, for the very first time ever, you can see two of Meyer's daftest films in their original, totally uncut form. Previously considered 'too titty' by the UK censor, uncut versions of two of Meyer's movies are now available from video stores priced just £12.99.

A smashing pair of Meyer movies must be won!



The lovely Melinda Messenger - who has nothing at all to do with the videos on offer.

Beneath the valley of the Supervixens, the last feature length film that Meyer directed, is widely regarded as being his horniest ever skin flick, featuring Kitten Natividad and Lola Langusta to name but four. *Cherry ... & Harry & Raquel* is described as 'a mind blowing menage-a-trois' featuring a horny corrupt cop and a drug-running gangster, not to mention a 'bevy of bed busting babes'. We have 20 pairs of videos to give away. So if you're well endowed with knowledge about *big boobs* answer these questions and you might get your hands on a massive pair of movies.

1. Which big boobed former page 3 model made an even bigger boob than both of the ones in her bra put together by agreeing to co-host the ill fated 1988 Brit Music Awards?

- (a) Linda Lusardi
- (b) Sam Fox
- (c) Angela Rippon

2. Swindon Tit Queen Melinda Messenger boobed by having her boobs made bigger. What happened as a result of her silicon implants?

- (a) Her mum wouldn't talk to her any more.
- (b) Her tits were both banned from page 3 of *The Sun*.
- (c) One of her boobs exploded, injuring several passers by.

3. The vicar of Stiffkey famously boobed during a visit to Blackpool. What did he do?

- (a) Got drunk and had his cock tattooed.
- (b) Took hormone therapy and grew an impressive pair of 42DD tits.
- (c) Was eaten by a lion while delivering a sermon at the zoo.

4. King Charles II's royal baker John Farynor boobed one day in 1666. What did he do?

- (a) Delivered 13 morning rolls to the king's table, instead of 12, thus creating the term 'a baker's dozen'.
- (b) Started making 'Gazza' style false boobs out of uncooked dough and selling them to flat chested aristocratic ladies.
- (c) Forgot to turn his oven off at bedtime and started the Great Fire of London.

5. What dreadful boob did Frenchman Nicholas Cugnot make in 1769?

- (a) He built the Eiffel Tower - upside down - and had to start all over again.

(b) He looked at Marie Antionette's boobs while measuring her for a frock, and was beheaded.

(c) He became the first ever car crash victim after hitting a brick wall at 2 miles per hour in a steam car.

6. Whose monumental boob brought about the infamous military disaster known as the Charge of the Light Brigade?

- (a) Lord Archer
- (b) Lord Lucan
- (c) Lord Toolhire



7. The killing of which Cheyenne chief - the first in a series of *boobs* by Colonel Custard - triggered the red Indian revolt which resulted in his eventual defeat at the battle of Little Big Horn?



- (a) Big Chief Black Kettle
- (b) Little Chief Copper Kettle
- (c) Medium Sized Chief Brevet Sandwich Maker

8. Marbles missing cancer nosed zombie U.S. president Ronald Regan boobed when he met the late Princess Diana. How did he address her?

- (a) "Princess David"
- (b) "Your Moyal Rajesty"
- (c) "Your Royal Anus"

9. His successor George Bush fared little better when dining with the Japanese Prime Minister. What was his boob?

- (a) He forgot to say grace.
- (b) He started eating before his vegetables arrived.
- (c) He puked on the Prime Minister's trousers.

10. "I'd like to think that the public laughed with us, rather than at us". So said Prince Edward after what had happened?

- (a) Windsor Castle had burnt down.
- (b) The Queen Mother had choked on a fish bone.
- (c) The Royal Family had appeared on TV's *It's A Knockout*.

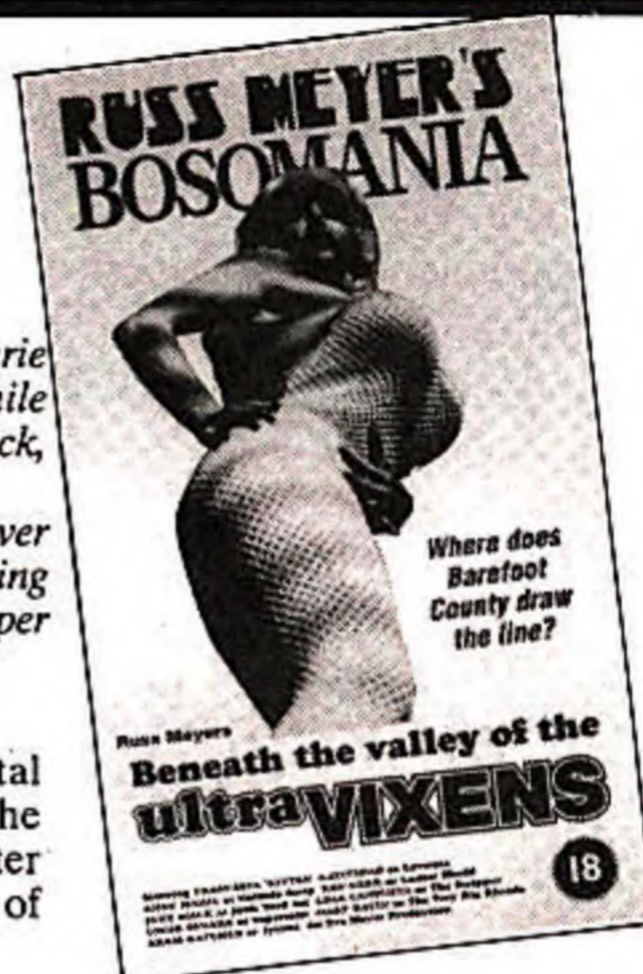
11. In 1987 which goofy drink-drive TV weatherman was personally responsible for the hurricane which brought death and destruction to many parts of Britain?

- (a) Michael Fish

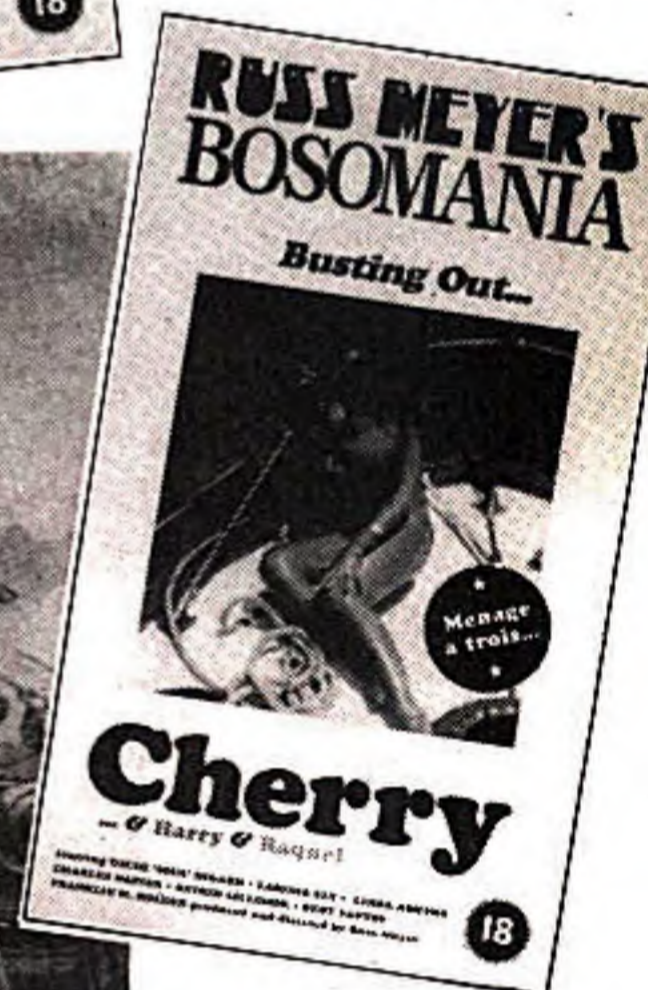
12. Former Tory Minister Edwina Currie was left with egg on her chin - and two fried eggs on her daughter's tits - after committing which of the following famous *boobs*?

- (a) She bought London Bridge and had it transported to Arizona, mistakenly thinking she was buying Tower Bridge.
- (b) She got pissed up and said "Big tits" and "I like screwing" on Wogan.
- (c) She said eggs had got salmon in them, or something like that.

Mark your answers 'Boobs' and send them to the usual address. The 20 first correct (or highest scoring) entries out of the hat will each receive a pair of videos. Competition closes November 7thish.



Russ Meyer (above) and a bra busting brace of his quite frankly ridiculous and at times unwatchable movies.



A SONG FOR YOU!

WE all dream of having our very own song. But as pop history has shown us, songwriters rarely get round to writing one until after you've pegged it.

But now all that has changed. Nottingham's leading songwriter Robin Cowpertwait will be only too happy to write a song specially for YOU! His business Bo-Jingles specialises in composing personalised songs for all occasions.

You simply supply details of yourself on a questionnaire and Robin will knock up a song lyric and original tune in about the same time it takes Bernie Taupin to re-write 'Candle In The Wind'. The song is then recorded onto high quality music cassette, and is yours to keep for around fifty quid, all inclusive. Ideal as a birthday or wedding present for a friend, or just to listen to yourself on the way to work.

For full details of this unique service, plus a demonstration tape, send a large post paid S.A.E. to Bo-Jingles Personal Song Service, P.O.Box 165, Nottingham NG5 2LR. But one lucky reader can win their own song for free by answering these simple 'This songs for you' questions.

1. The 1972 song 'You're So Vain' was variously rumoured to have been written about Mick Jagger, Warren Beatty and former BBC news reader Peter Woods. Who wrote it?
(a) Paul Simon
(b) Carly Simon
(c) Simon Garfunkel

2. So far Elton John has dedicated Candle In The Wind to two people. But to who's lasting memory was his other sentimental tribute 'A Song For Guy' dedicated?
(a) Firework pioneer Guy Fawkes
(b) London Zoo's Guy the Gorilla
(c) Guy a motorcycle dispatch rider

3. Don McLean is another songwriter who has jumped on the grave train. In January 1972 he had his first success with a song

about the death of Buddy Holly. What was it called?

- (a) Banoffee Pie
(b) American Pie
(c) Hairy Pie

4. Realising he'd hit upon a winning formula, four months later McLean was moved to write a song about the dead painter Van Gogh. What was it called?

- (a) Painter Man
(b) Vincent
(c) Matchstalk Men & Matchstalk Cats & Dogs



Vincent Van Gogh yesterday

5. About which pop loony was the Pink Floyd song 'Shine On Crazy Diamond' written?
(a) Jim Diamond
(b) Keith Moon
(c) Sid Barrett

6. About which other pop loony was Roger Daltrey's 'Under A Raging Moon' written?
(a) Keith Moon
(b) Peter Noon



(c) Val Doon(ican)

7. Not all songs are tributes. John Lennon wrote a

He writes the songs that make an ideal gift

song about what a cunt Paul McCartney was. What was it called?

- (a) Jealous Guy
(b) How Do You Sleep
(c) Paul McCartney Is A Cunt



8. Some-time bankrupt and pint-sized adult panto star Charlie Drake moved the pop world to tears with his 1960 tribute to a great American legend. Who was his song about?

- (a) George Washington
(b) Buffalo Bill
(c) Colonel Custard

9. Which four-eyed Zippy off Rainbow look-a-like singer/songwriting would-be astronaut wrote 'Annie's Song' as a wallet-felt tribute to his wife, whom he later divorced?

- (a) John Denver
(b) Randy California
(c) Tony Orlando (and Dawn)

10. Denver then lost the plot a little, dedicating his next song to Jacques Cousteau's boat. What was Jacques Cousteau's boat called?

- (a) African Queen
(b) Calypso
(c) Amaco Cadiz

11. Chris De Burgh fell and grazed his knee attempting to jump on the Diana musical tribute bandwagon. But he could take some consolation from the fact that 'Lady In Red' had been a personal favourite of the Princess. Who was it written about?

- (a) De Burgh's wife
(b) The nanny that he shagged
(c) A bird he'd seen in Fiesta wearing red silk underwear

12. Notorious B.I.G., alias Biggy Small, was killed in action during the Rap Wars. Which group sampled the Police song 'Every Breath You Take' as a till jerking tribute to their late lamented friend and colleague?

- (a) Papa Bent
(b) Father Queer
(c) Puff Daddy

Mark your entries 'Song For You'. Closing date is 7th November.

HOW TO ENTER

Answers on a postcard in writing with a pen or on your computer with a mouse, and post to:

Viz, PO Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT

Or E mail them to: web@johnbrown.co.uk

Remember to include your own name and postal address.

COMPETITION WINNERS - ISSUE 85

PHILEAS FOGG

Trip for two to the Edinburgh Festival was won by Nick Talbot of Woking in Surrey.

Ten runners-up receive a box of Phileas Fogg snacks:-

Tim Long, Devon. Miss L Brown, Plumstead, London. Matt G Baish, Bicester. Neil Henderson, Shetland. Gwyneth Dowd, Wigan. Mr K Wallace, Sheffield. Moxey, New Milton. Peter Whitfield, Lermington. Simon Lawrence, Pontyclun. M James, York.

PORN CRACKERS

Twenty sets of two videos:-

Mark Brockbank, Barrow in Furness. Stuart Ashdown, Nottingham. Bob Harnett-Williams, Northampton. Gary John Seward, Nottingham. C Miles, Burnley. Harry Adis, London. E Lieberman, London. Stewart Donaldson, Hartlepool. D Kane, Surrey. Ben Hall, Todmorden. B Lothian, Gateshead. L J Dillinger, Edgware. Simon King, Harrogate. Tim Naylor, Southampton. B Devine, Devizes. Julie Adams, Porth. J Symes, Dorset. J A Davy, Grimsby. M Goulding, London. Martin W Robertson, Heston.

SAUCY

Ten sets of three videos:-

Richey Tile, Leicester. Michael Page, Wantage. Mrs C Eastwood, Bradford. Martin W Robertson, Heston. Paul Harley, London. S Forsythe, Bradford. Darrell Buxton, Derby. Pat Coombes, Co Cavan. Ashley Morrissey Pearson, Kent. S Donaldson, Hartlepool.

All hail Viz ale!



Reports from the North Yorkshire Brewing Company suggest that, despite an absence of any royalty payments to date, our Viz Top Tipple could be Britain's No.1 best selling bottled beer this Christmas.

Our brilliant Viz booze is proving a popular pint amongst academics and toffs. York Beer Shop, off to many of York University's heaviest drinkers, reports record sales. Meanwhile posh swots at Cambridge University enjoy nothing better than a Viz beer after finishing their boat race. Top Tipple is on sale at every one of the University's thirty bars. Oxford Union can join in the booze race by ringing George at the number below.

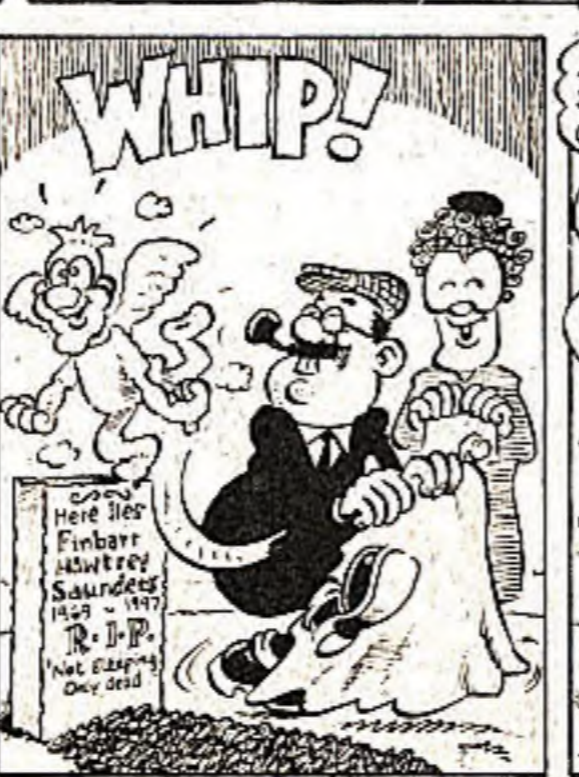
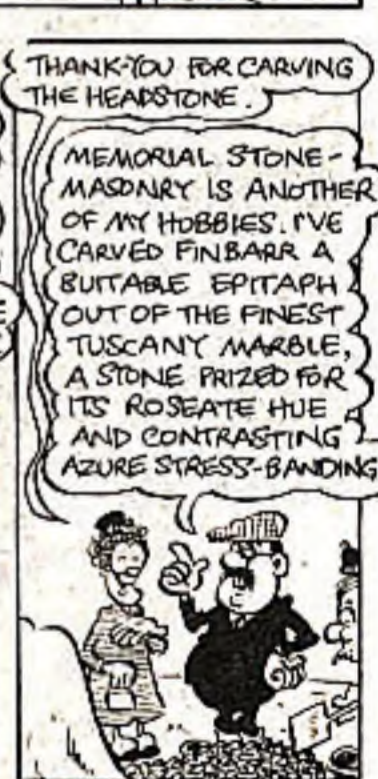
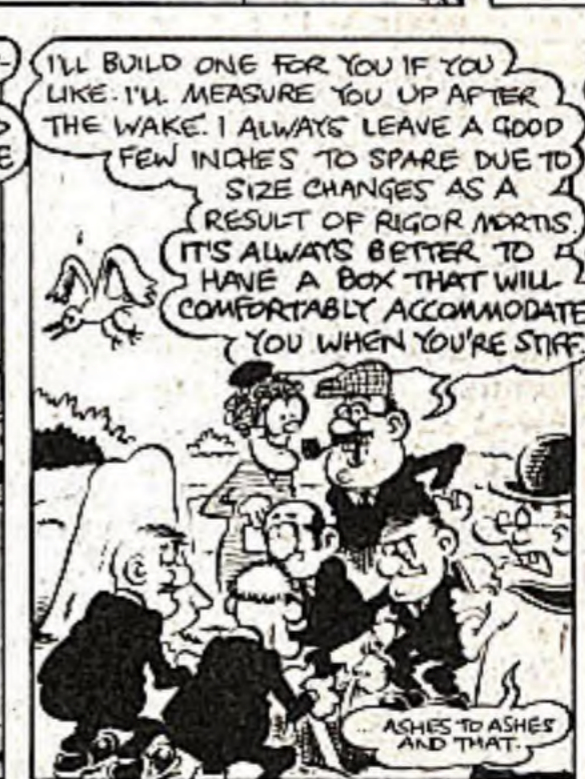
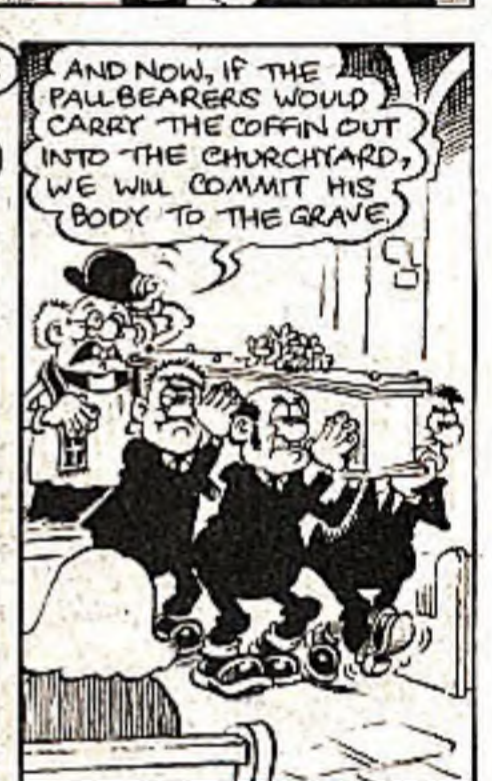
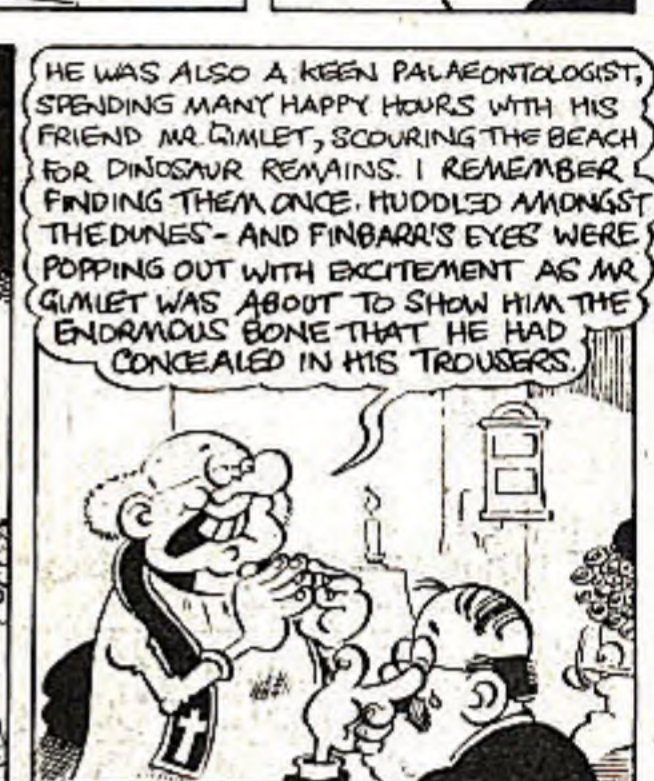
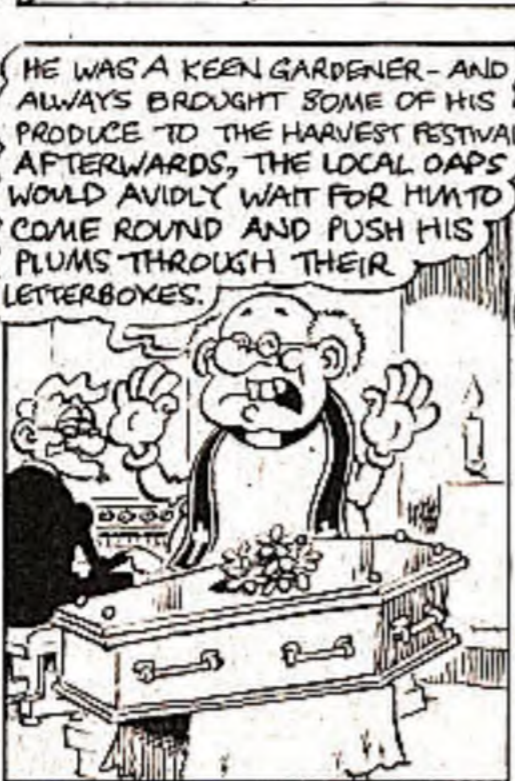
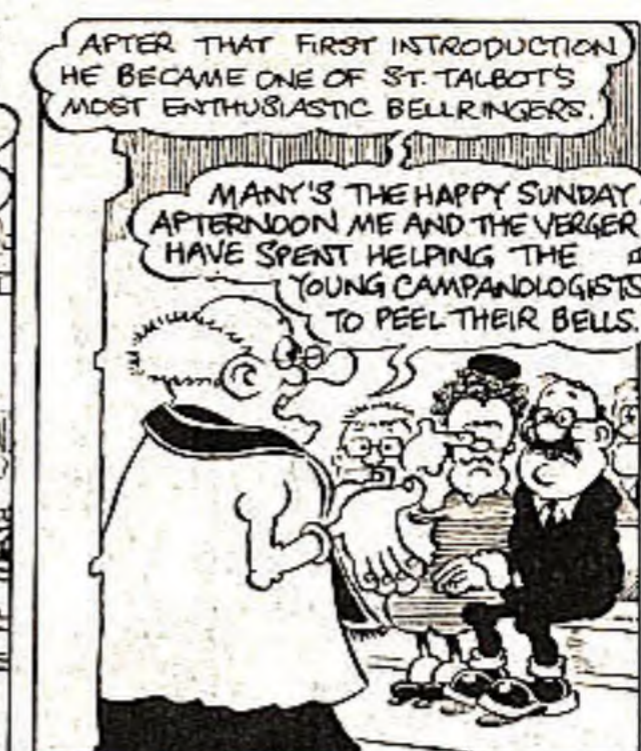
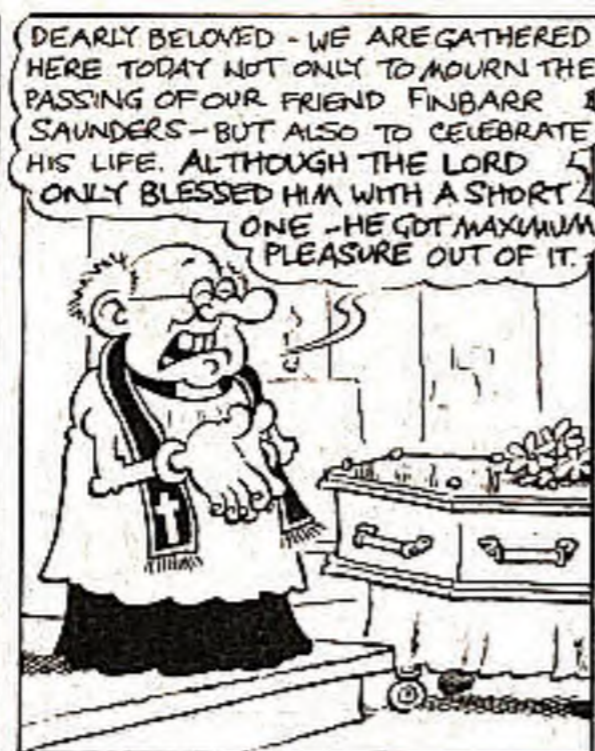
If you're ever in The Archer, Newcastle, don't touch the food (especially if Rachel is cooking). But we highly recommend their beers, which include Top Tipple. Down the A19 smoggies can take a Tipple at the The Falcon Inn, Middlesbrough. You'll also find our lovely booze in all Tap'n'Spille pubs, providing of course the manager has remembered to order it. Bang on the counter and demand Viz Top Tipple next time you're in.

Finally, up until Christmas The Chillingham on Shields Road, Newcastle and The Star & Garter in Middlesbrough are giving away a free, genuine antique, highly collectable-ish Viz back issue with every bottle of Top Tipple they sell! Don't all rush to the bar at once.

If you prefer to get postally pissed, order 12 bottles by sending a cheque or postal order for £20 (including P+P) payable to 'North Yorkshire Brewing Co', to: NYB Top Tipple, 84 North Ormesby Road, Middlesbrough TS4 2AG. Remember to give your address. Boozers and offies can place orders by ringing George on (01642) 226224.

(Warning: Any obscene calls will be answered by the duty sergeant at Middlesbrough police station).





PAUL WHICKER

THE TALL VICAR

IN The Return of PAT BERGER THE FAT VERGER - AND A MULTITUDE OF OATHS.


ST. BARRY'S ON THE MUD...

KNOCK - KNOCK!

(COME THE FUCK IN!) HE SWORE GRATUITOUSLY...



SORRY TO DISTURB YOUR ONE-HANDED READING PAUL MATE.



BOLLOCKS! I WAS WRITIN' ME SERMON - "GAZE YE NOT UPON FALSE IDOLS..."

THOUGH I MUST SAY



SOME O' THESE LOOK A BIT FALSE HA-HA!

ANYWAY - BAD NEWS I'M AFRAID P.W.!



OH FUCKIN' NADS! WE HAVEN'T RUN OUT OF (DRUGS AGAIN?)

OH CHRIST NO! NOT THAT BAD!

TANK DE LAWD!

NO, THE SHITTER'S GONE TONTO IN THE CHURCH HALL AGAIN... THERE'S A FETID RIVER OF PISS OOZING ACROSS THE FLOOR...

WITH RICHARDS FLOATIN' IN IT...

OH... I SEE.

SHITE-SMEARED BOG ROLL, A FAIR AMOUNT OF SPEW...

SPARE ME THE DETAILS YOU SAD COPROPHILIAC.

USED TAMPONS...

warming to his subject

AND AN ARSE-HAIR WITH A LARGE KLINGON STUCK FIRMLY TO A...

(ALRIGHT ALREADY! ENOUGH - Y' SICK FUCK!



GLURK!

THAT REALLY IS MORE INFORMATION THAN I NEED! WOULDN'T A SIMPLE 'THE BOG'S FUCKED' HAVE DONE?

YEAH..ER... SORRY... BOG...IT'S...ER... LIKE (FUCKED)

PAT! YOU MUST BE MISTAKING ME FOR SOMEONE WHO GIVES AN ARSE!

WELL, I WOULDN'T CARE IF IT WAS JUST THE SCOUTS GETTING SWEEP AWAY ON A TIDE OF RUNNY SHITE...

BUT?


BUT WE'VE GOT THOSE VIDEOS TO SHIFT AT THE JUMBLE SALE ON SATURDAY...

AN' THEM KIDS ARE HAVIN' A RAGE - AN' WE CAN SELL 'EM SOME E'S AN WHIZZ!

THAT'S RAVE TWAT!

AND ASPIRINS AND VIM IF THE UGLY TRUTH IS TO BE TOLD.

I TELL YOU READERS, IT'S NOT ALL WINE AN' WAFERS



BUT IT BEATS WORKIN'! AND SPEAKIN' OF WINE IT'S PAST OPENIN' TIME!

HERE'S A TENSPOUT! PAY SOME LUCKLESS FRIGGER TO CLEAN UP AN' FIX TH' PAN!



I'M OFF DOWN TO THE PIG & BADGER FOR A LOOSENER!

SO...

AAH - PEACE AT...

breep-breep!

SOD THE MOBILE! GIZZA BEER!



HELLO! FULCHESTER FLOATIN' NARCOTICS BAZAAR! HOW CAN I...



OH PANTS!

WHAT D'YOU WANT CUNTYBOLLOCKS?

Blah-blah! Church hall! blah! Foul smell-blah! faeces-blether whine... get it fixed etc



O.K. BISHOP...



DON'T SPIT YER DUMMY OUT! THE VERGER'S GOT IT ALL SORTED!

AND BISHOP...

yes?

FUCK YOU - AND THE BIKE YOU RODE IN ON YOU FAT SCROTE!

BUT...

RIDE ME BACKWARDS! WHAT'S THAT BLEEDIN' WAFF?!

I'VE CLEANED UP P.W.

SMELLS LIKE A DOG'S BUM! NICE!



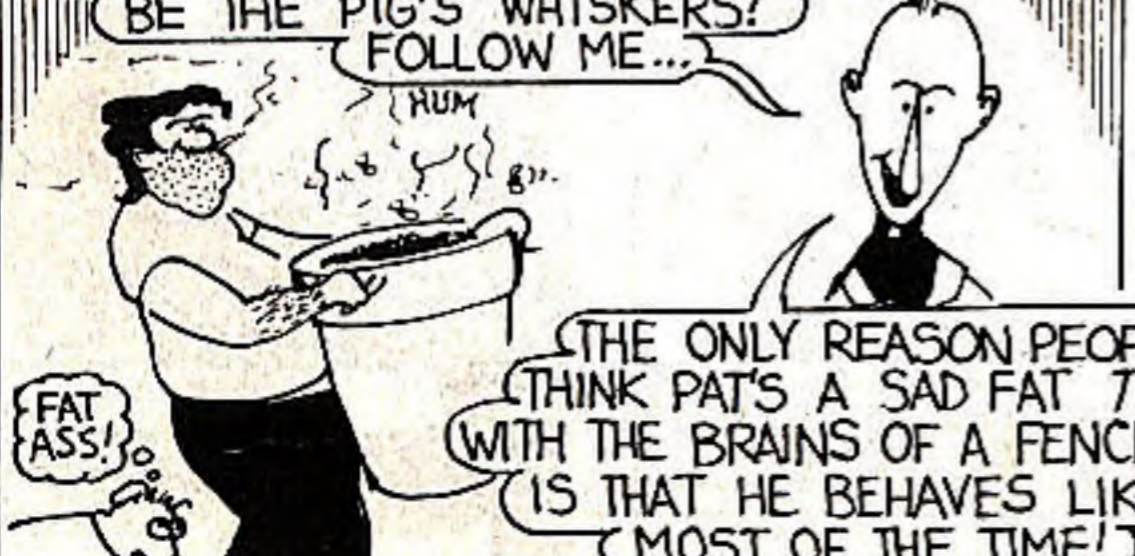
I DON'T REMEMBER ASKING HIM TO BRING A BIN FULL OF RAW SEWAGE DOWN TH' PUB



STILL...IT'S AN ILL WIND...

I'VE HAD A SPUNKER OF AN IDEA! THIS WILL BE THE PIG'S WHISKERS! FOLLOW ME...

RUM



FAT ASS!

PALACE OF THE BISHOP

BRRRIING!

MAYBE...

NO!

THE BISHOP WISHES...

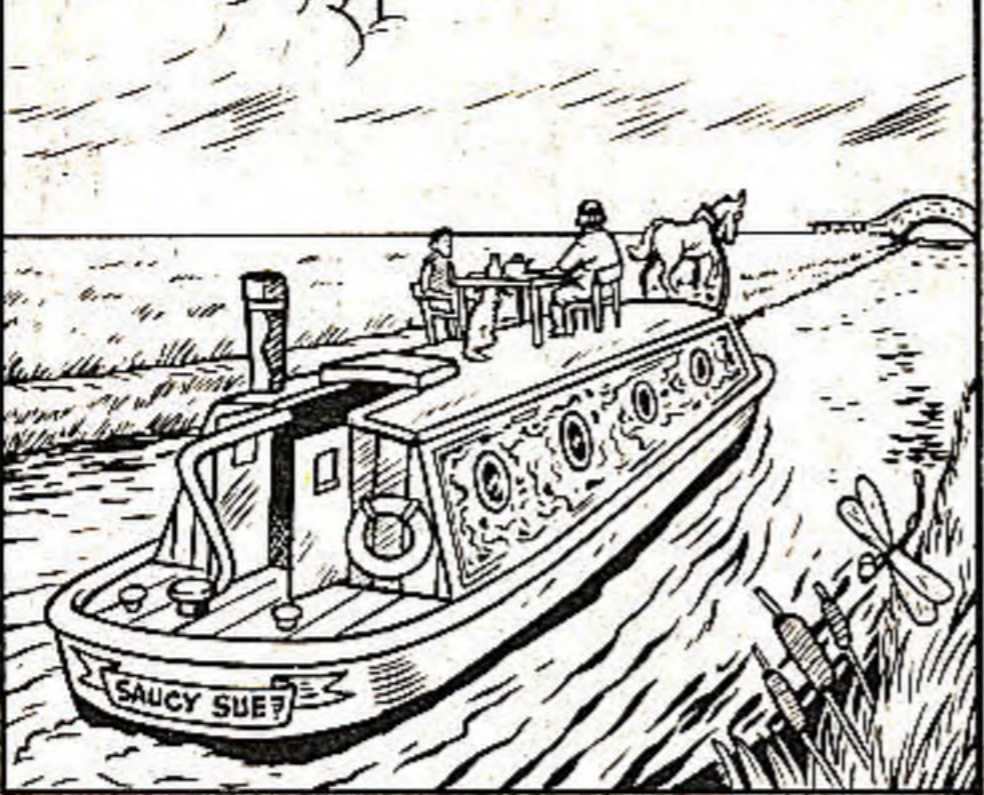
FLOSH!

OUTSTANDING!

HE WAS A FLORIST...

Jack Black and the Boxing Kangaroo

The summer holidays were here again at last once more, and young Jack Black and his dog Silver were staying with Aunt Meg on 'Saucy Sue', her gaily painted houseboat on the Norfolk Broads.



One morning, Jack was sitting on the deck eating his breakfast...



Look, Silver! A travelling fair. How exciting! Can we go this evening after tea please, Aunt Meg?

Oh, I expect so, young Jack

So straight after tea, Jack, Silver and Aunt Meg went down to the village green to join in the fun...



One side show in particular caught Jack's eye...



Roll up! Roll up! Take your chance in the ring against Skippy, the Boxing Kangaroo! Last three rounds and win a goldfish! Roll up! Roll up!

Aunt Meg, you're pretty handy with your fists. You have a go!

Aunt Meg, Women's Institute Middleweight Boxing Champion, was soon in the ring, squaring up for a fight with the marsupial bruiser...



Go on, Aunt Meg! Knock its ruddy block off!

The crowd cheered as the old lady floated around the ring like a butterfly, tiring the kangaroo...



Come on, Aunt Meg!

...before stinging like a bee, catching the brute a teeth-loosening blow to the jaw, knocking it out cold.



I can't understand it. He's not won a fight for months and months. It's costing me a fortune in goldfish. I'll be ruined at this rate

Well, he certainly didn't put up much of a battle



That night, as Jack drifted off to sleep in his hammock, his mind was a whirl of excitement, planning future adventures with his new goldfish friend.



But the next morning...

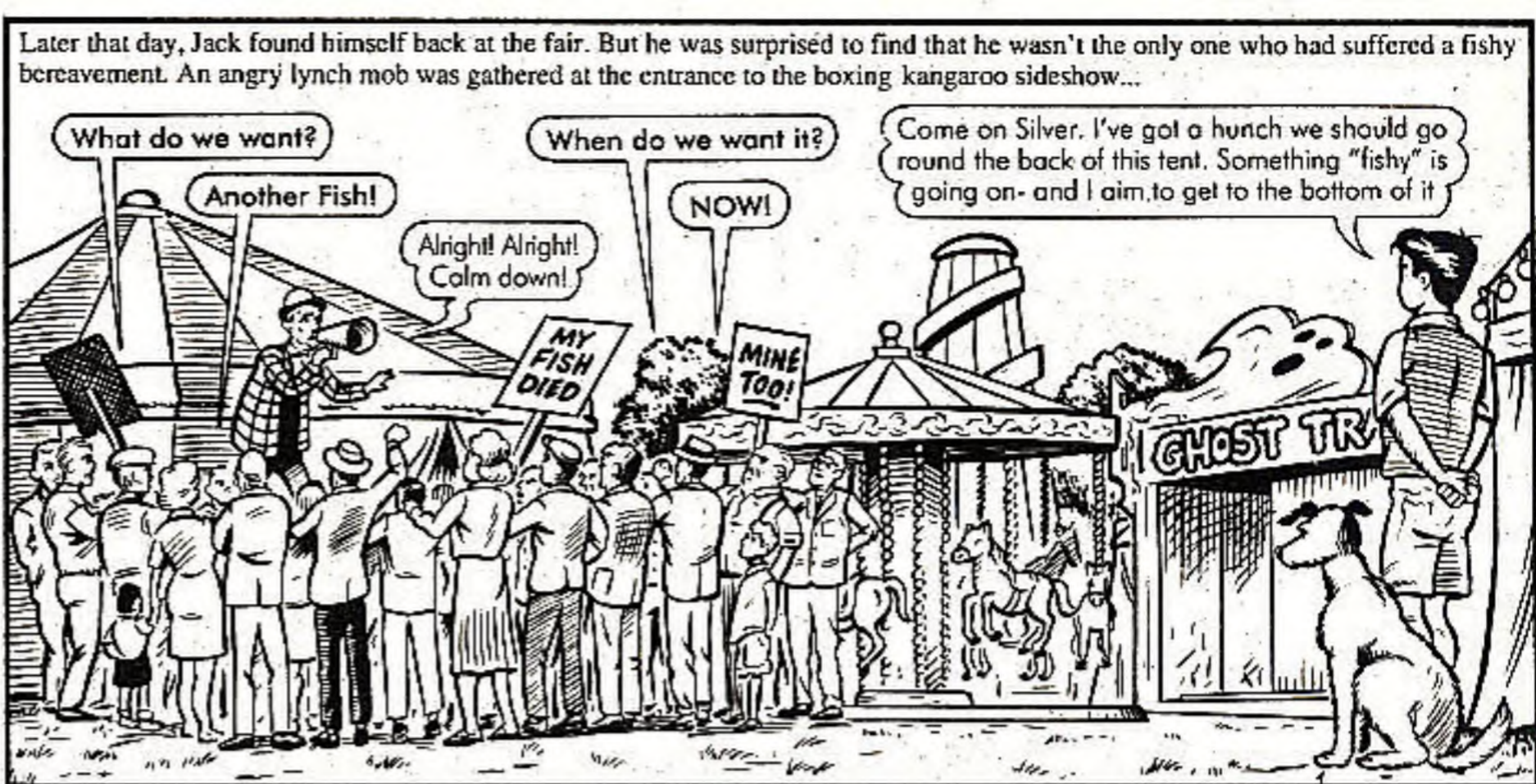


I'm sorry, Jack. It's as dead as a doughnut. If I were you, I'd flush it down the toilet!



That's funny! My purse is all wet...

...and there's 50p missing!



What do we want?

Another Fish!

When do we want it?

NOW!

Alright! Alright!
Calm down!

Come on Silver. I've got a hunch we should go round the back of this tent. Something "fishy" is going on - and I aim to get to the bottom of it



Why is the kangaroo losing so many fights? Why did everyone's goldfish die in the night? Why was Aunt Meg's purse wet and 50p missing?

Woof!

You're right, Silver. Something tells me all these mysteries might be connected



Look at this, Jack!

What is it, boy? What have you found?



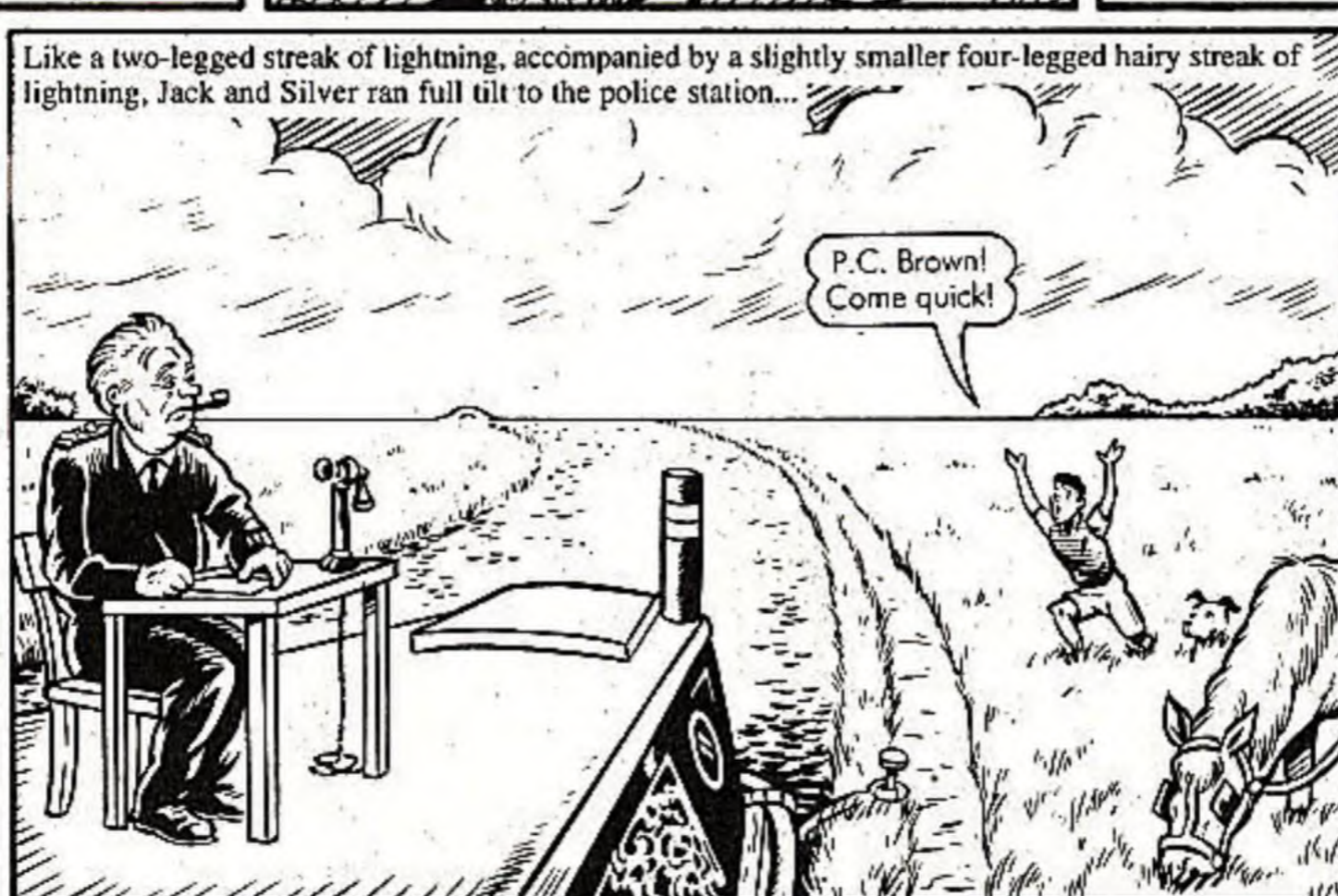
Hmm! Some flip flops, some empty gold paint aerosols and a sieve. What could it all mean?



I've got it! It's been staring me in the face!

Quick, Silver! There's not a moment to lose

Woof!



Like a two-legged streak of lightning, accompanied by a slightly smaller four-legged hairy streak of lightning, Jack and Silver ran full tilt to the police station...

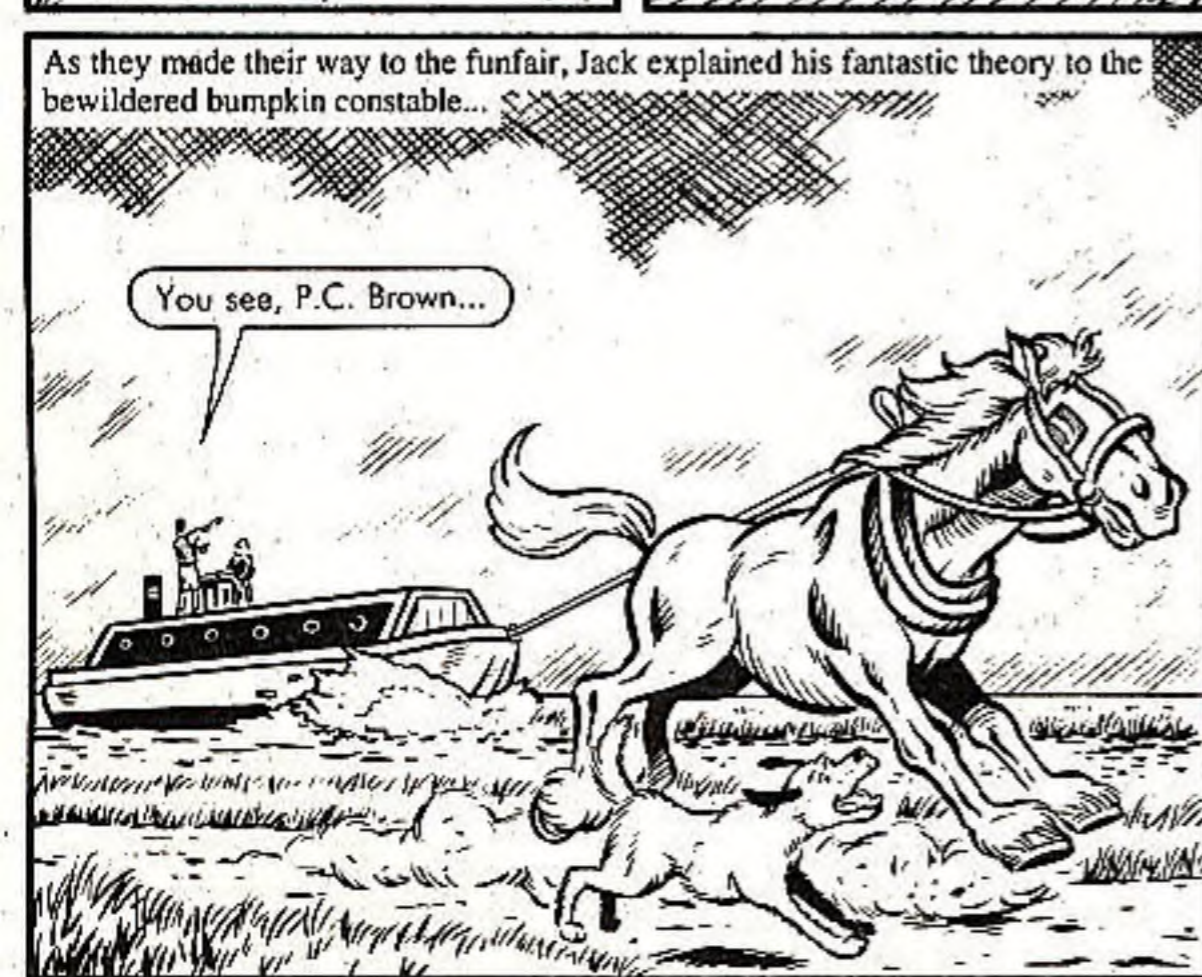
P.C. Brown! Come quick!



It's the kangaroo!... they're not really goldfish!... and a sieve!... Because Aunt Meg's purse was wet!... and... and...

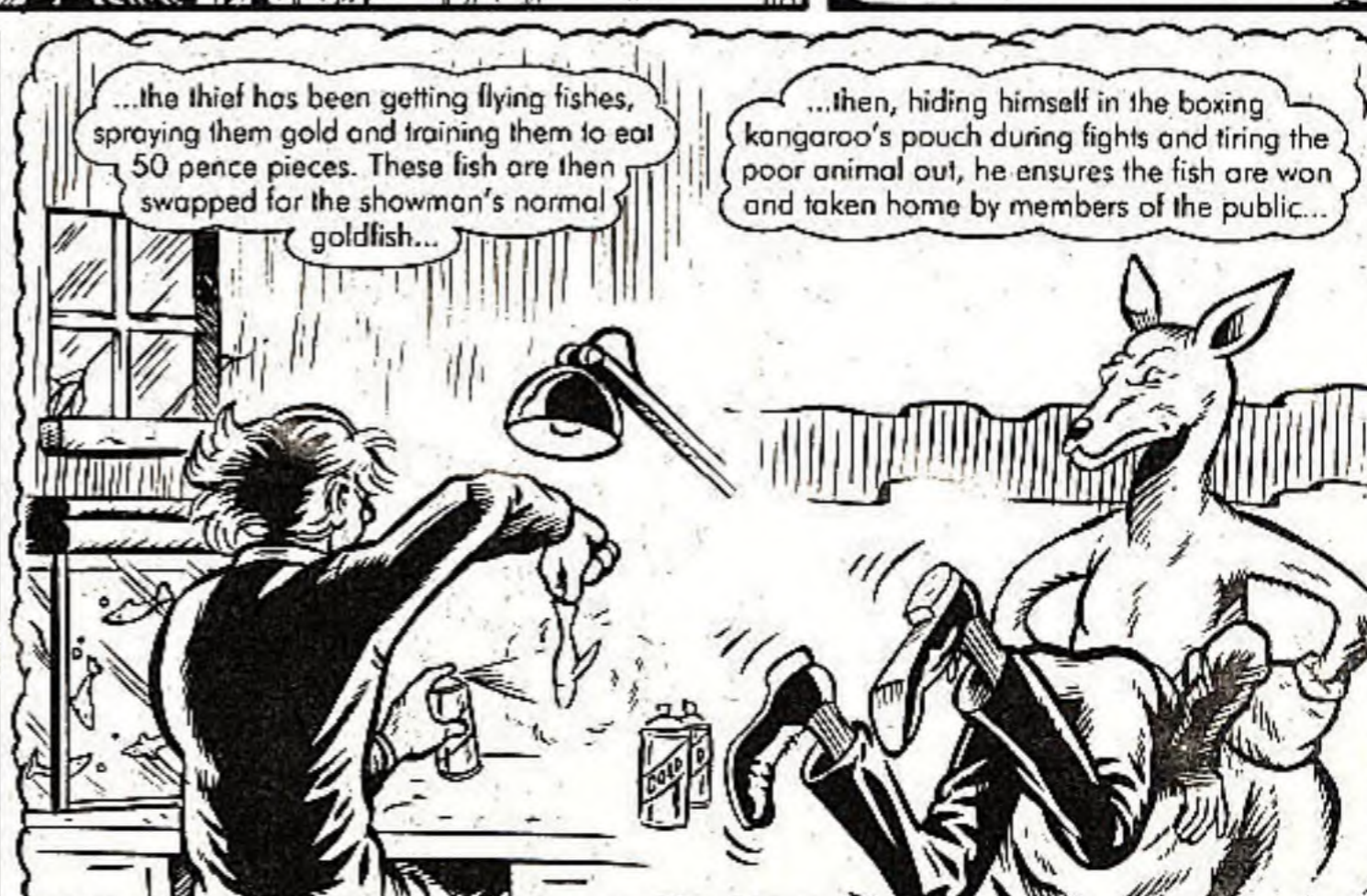
Woah! Woah, young Jack. Ha ha! Just calm down

There's no time to explain. Come with me now if you want to catch a thief!



As they made their way to the funfair, Jack explained his fantastic theory to the bewildered bumpkin constable...

You see, P.C. Brown...



...the thief has been getting flying fishes, spraying them gold and training them to eat 50 pence pieces. These fish are then swapped for the showman's normal goldfish...

...then, hiding himself in the boxing kangaroo's pouch during fights and tiring the poor animal out, he ensures the fish are won and taken home by members of the public...

...Under cover of darkness, the fish fly out of their bowls and eat any fifty pence pieces they find, before flying back to their bowls and choking on the coins. The next morning, their owners find them dead and flush them down the toilet...

...The thief, meanwhile, is in his flip flops at the beach with a sieve, where he simply collects the fish as they fall out the sewer outlet and removes the coins

Eventually...

Here, Jack. Take this and bludgeon the hapless beast to a pulp while I clamber into his pouch to make good the arrest



No need, P.C. Brown. All we need to coax our villain out is this

A Sousaphone?



The lad blew the huge instrument for all he was worth...



Hmmm! Das oompah music ist gut!

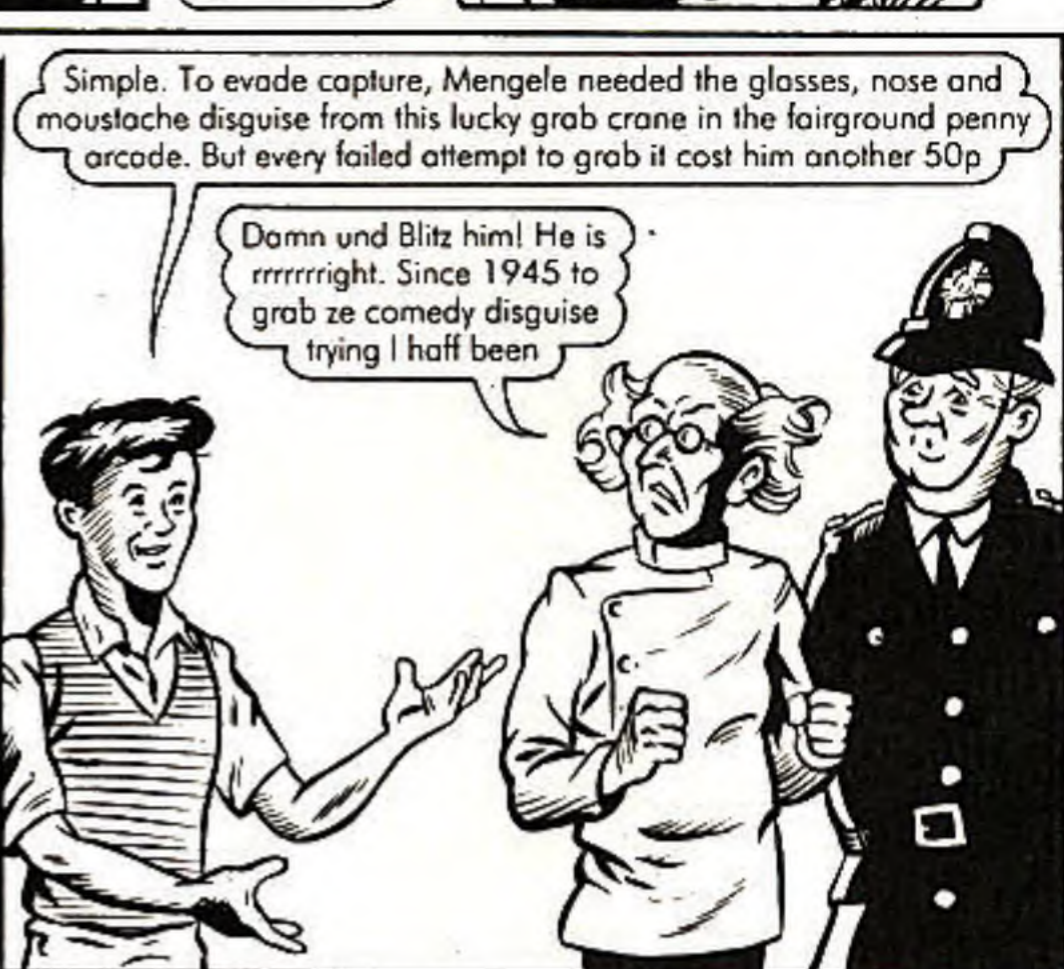
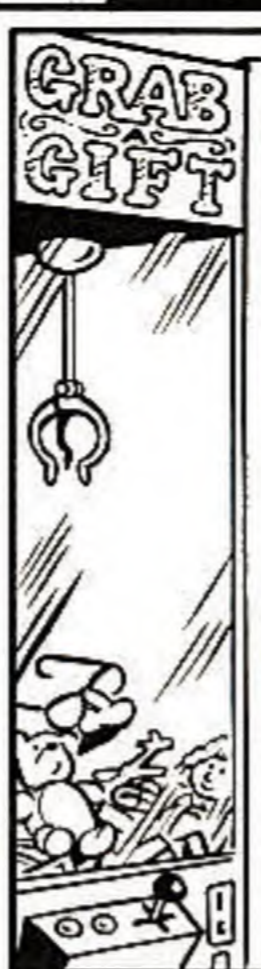
Unable to resist I am being! Reminding me off za Bavarian gut times it is!



Ooh! Ja! Stick it up mein yumpah!

Good grief!

Doctor Joseph Mengele, the infamous Nazi war criminal. But why, Jack?



Simple. To evade capture, Mengele needed the glasses, nose and moustache disguise from this lucky grab crane in the fairground penny arcade. But every failed attempt to grab it cost him another 50p

Damn und Blitz him! He is rrrrrright. Since 1945 to grab ze comedy disguise trying I haff been



What!? You mean like this?



Ha! Ha! Ha!



Dah! It more than I can stand is

Ha! Ha! Ha! It looks like 50 years in a kangaroo's pouch has left him 'hopping' mad, P.C. Brown



Yes, Jack. Ha! Ha! Come on, let's take him back to the station and hang him